

HELLRAISER THREE:
HELL ON EARTH

A Screenplay by
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From a story by
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1 TITLES/LEMARCHAND'S WORKSHOP

FADE IN

CLOSE UP on a pair of hands, the long, delicate, craftsman's fingers of which are touching a section of mechanism. Too close to see the entirety of what is being worked on, we see various small cogs and wheels in silver and gold. Their tiny size and the precious materials they are wrought from suggest both high precision and high expense.

A TITLE is SUPERIMPOSED over this: It reads PARIS 1783.

As the shot begins, one of the hands withdraws a small thin probing tool from the body of the mechanism and the other hand closes a flap over the exposed mechanics.

INSERT (JUMP CUT EFFECT): FIRST TITLE CARD, WHITE ON BLACK

Still in C.U., the hands move back from the thing they have been working on. The camera moves back with them, taking in more of the scene until the screen is filled by the revealed mechanism.

It is a wonderfully-wrought automata, eighteen inches tall, a female acrobat in Eighteenth century costume. She raises her arms, flips herself over a bar, and curtsies at us.

CUT TO WIDE. ANGLE ON LEMARCHAND. The Toymaker, PHILLIP LEMARCHAND, is now revealed to us. He is, despite being in his workroom, dressed in fine eighteenth century clothes and he is as powdered and bewigged as the wealthiest Aristocrat. He smiles in response to the automaton's movement and inclines his head to the figure as if returning her bow. He looks about twenty years old. His face is fresh and open.

The only illumination is candlelight - hence the background of the workshop is lost to smoke and shadow. Indeed, as this sequence progresses, the background becomes more and more an abstract wash, lending an artificial, non-realist formality to it.

CUT TO SECOND TITLE CARD

TIME CUT TO another automaton. Framed exactly like the first, it is a Monkey Musician dressed in blue livery like a Restoration footman. His furry fingers fly over the strings of his fiddle as his other arm moves his bow energetically. His eyebrows and mouth twitch and pucker in parodic imitation of a musician's expressions of concentration and intensity.

CUT TO LEMARCHAND's face. Closer this time. His face is, if not older, more knowing and less innocent. His smile now is arrogant.

CUT TO THIRD TITLE CARD

TIME CUT TO a third automaton of two figures, a harlequin and a

columbine. The figures lean in toward each other. Their lips touch. Columbine moves back. Harlequin rips his mask off. His face is monstrous, demonic. Columbine's little artificial arms fly upward as her head turns away in terror.

CUT TO LEMARCHAND. In CLOSE on his face. It is crueller, colder, his smile cynical, his eyes hooded.

CUT TO FOURTH AND FIFTH TITLE CARDS

CUT TO the hands in CLOSE UP again, now working on something different - a more abstract piece. The hands move away. The camera pulls back. The piece is angular and distorted, jagged edges protruding everywhere. There seems no pattern or sense to it. Then it begins to move. With audible clickings, the shape pulls its various components into itself until, seemingly impossibly, it is a perfect smooth sphere covered in attractive and concentric filigree decoration.

CUT TO LEMARCHAND. BIG CLOSE UP. His eyes are excited again as if he is working toward something.

CUT TO TITLE CARDS

CUT TO another abstract sculpture moving itself through various positions. This one ends up as a pyramid.

CUT TO TITLE CARDS

CUT TO another moving sculpture which becomes a diamond-shape.

CUT TO TITLE CARDS

CUT TO another construct, clicking into its final position. It is a LAMENT CONFIGURATION, as seen in HELLRAISER and HELLBOUND.

CUT TO LEMARCHAND. VERY BIG CLOSE UP. Just his eyes are visible and they are full of a cruel triumph.

CUT TO TITLE CARDS

CUT TO another creation, this one back in the more realist style of the first few. It is an exquisitely detailed model of a Church.

Suddenly, terrifyingly, like an incredibly complex and incredibly fast Jack-in-the-Box, the Church explodes open and a Demon automaton is revealed, swelling upwards from the collapsed Church like a hidden Phallic God breaking through its Christian disguise.

CUT TO FINAL TITLE CARD

The screen FADES TO BLACK. The TITLE MUSIC ends and is replaced by a sustained low chord on a pipe organ.

2 INT CHURCH TWILIGHT

FADE IN

An image slowly emerges from the BLACKNESS. It is a triptych of stained-glass windows, through which the last light of a setting sun is shining.

The images depicted on the windows are clearly Christian, but are from the severe, strict end of the Christian scale of values. They are pictures not of the joy of the spirit but of the mortification of the flesh. The two side panels present the torture and suffering of various saints - men and women pierced by arrows, roasted on grids, flayed alive - and the large central window offers a particularly painful looking crucifixion.

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE: HOBBSVILLE, UPSTATE NEW YORK A MONTH AGO.

The low organ chord, which has held until the windows have fully FADED IN, finally resolves itself into melody; a slow liturgical piece, devotional and austere.

A series of CLOSE UPS follows; A pair of hands move candles on an altar-cloth; A pair of eyes stare ahead and slightly upward, their expression a mix of expectation and reverence; A finger pulls nervously at a shirt-collar, loosening it slightly.

CUT TO a view from the altar down the length of the Church. Nearly all the pews are deserted. Only the front row is occupied - by TWO MEN and A WOMAN, all dressed in black. The organ-music begins to take on a slightly more unsettling tone.

CUT TO the altar, where FEAVER stands in a priest's black robe. He is in his late forties, slim and lithe, with a leathery skin and jet-black hair swept back from his forehead in time-honoured mafioso style. His eyes are as dark and ambitious as his heart.

FEAVER removes something from beneath his robe and lays it on the cloth. It is a large, wicked-looking knife. The organ-music is now accompanied by something that would be choral singing, were it not off-key, a-rhythmic, and distressing.

CUT TO WIDE REVERSE ANGLE. We are looking down the length of the Church from the altar, taking in the large front doors and, above them, an upper gallery which contains the pews set aside for the choir; they are occupied by lolling, strait-jacketed madmen, whose eyes roll crazily as their mouths emit the perverse chorale between bouts of giggling and slobbering. The music is now almost atonal; dissonant and threatening and swelling in volume.

CUT TO the faces of the TWO MEN and the WOMAN, eager and excited. One of the MEN licks his lips. The WOMAN bites at her lower lip, hard enough to draw a trickle of blood. The other MAN swallows and breathes shallowly. Their eyes stare fixedly ahead at FEAVER. Beneath the music, now overtly hideous, a baby's crying is heard.

CUT TO the stained glass windows, through which stream the very last rays of sun. As the sun finally drops and the luminescence fades from the windows, the baby's cry suddenly stops. The music stops with it. The silence is broken only by the audible gasps of the three watchers. Then there begins a loud, terrifying rumbling.

CUT TO the altar-space, from where FEAVER has moved. The sound of the rumbling grows in volume. Suddenly the ground beneath the altar explodes open. Smoke and blue light burst through the fissure as the altar is blown away.

CUT TO the MEN and the WOMAN rising, almost involuntarily, from their seats, mouths open in shock, eyes open in anticipation. FEAVER stands near, his face calmer than theirs but still excited.

Rising slowly into view from the cracked earth, spinning and steaming, comes the torture pillar that was the last image of HELLBOUND; a black thing of blood and hooks decorated with pieces of flesh, including the silently screaming face of PINHEAD in the centre. Music swells again on the soundtrack as if an orchestra from Hell has picked up on the theme the organ was playing and is providing its own manic and full-blooded variations.

The pillar stops spinning as it emerges fully from the split in the ground. The side of the Pillar with PINHEAD's face on it faces out into the church. PINHEAD's face has stopped screaming and stares out, impassive, as the three-person congregation, murmuring in awe, fall to their knees before the pillar.

FEAVER, on his feet between the kneeling worshippers and the pillar, glances from one to the other with a smile of triumph. PINHEAD's eyes flick to the side and find FEAVER. FEAVER's smile falters. There is a ghost of a smile on PINHEAD's mouth.

The three worshippers rise to their feet, their faces slack, and begin to move nearer to the pillar. They move slowly and there is just a sense that their movements may be involuntary - that somehow PINHEAD is making them approach. Intercutting between their movements, PINHEAD's knowing face, and FEAVER's increasingly confused features add a sense of growing tension. The eruption of the pillar was clearly not the end of this event - something else is going to happen. And it does.

Suddenly, without warning, three tentacles - like those CHANNARD produced from his palms in HELLBOUND - fly out from the stretched flesh to the side of PINHEAD's face.

Each of the tentacles attaches itself to one of the congregation. The action is leech-like rather than cutting. There is no blood spilled. Instead, hideously quickly, the MEN and the WOMAN are sucked dry of their life-essence and collapse forward, dry, empty husks. The music, having risen to an unholy crescendo, stops dead.

FEAVER has flattened himself against the wall, his face shocked

and terrified. The tentacles withdraw back into the pillar as swiftly as they emerged. PINHEAD breathes in deeply, his tongue moving across his lips. His eyes find FEAVER. In the silence of the Church, PINHEAD's voice is loud, resonant, and terrifying.

PINHEAD
Feed Me! Make me whole!

CUT TO a CLOSE UP of FEAVER's eyes, wide-open, scared, staring fixedly at the monster.

CUT TO the stained glass windows, now very dark, the images on them barely perceptible.

FADE TO BLACK

The BLACKNESS holds for a second or so, then a title is superimposed on it: TODAY.

The title fades and a phone is heard ringing over the BLACKNESS. It rings twice before we CUT from BLACK.

3 INT GREG'S BEDROOM NIGHT

A light clicks on, as if the BLACKNESS we have been looking at is the blackness of GREG SALTZGABER's bedroom.

GREG is in bed, but has pulled himself into a half-sitting position, leaning against the headboard. His hand still rests on the lightswitch by his bedside table and he stares straight ahead, his face blank, blinking, as if he can't believe the phone has been cruel enough to ring at this time of night.

GREG is a good-looking young man somewhere in his mid-twenties. We're looking at his bedroom not his living room so we can't get a specific fix on what he does or how successful he is but the bedroom is large and fashionably sparse so we can assume he's comfortable. There are one or two framed magazine covers on his walls and a portable typewriter on a small desk. Perhaps he's a journalist. There's also a bunched collection of smaller photos on one wall which we will see in more detail in a moment.

Slowly, GREG turns his head to look at the phone. He lets it ring once more and picks it up. His voice is impassive - ready to be either friendly or furious depending on who's on the other end.

GREG
Yes?

A crackle of long-distance static is followed by a female voice.

LUCY (o-c)
Greg? Greg? ... Hello?

GREG's face registers first surprise then delighted recognition. He swings round to a sitting position on the edge of the bed.

GREG

Lucy? Lucy EMERSON? Jesus!
How ARE you? WHERE are you?

LUCY (o-c)

I'm home, Greg. In Hobbsville. I ...

GREG

Yeah. Shoulda figured. You know
what TIME it is here?

LUCY (o-c)

Oh. I'm sorry. It's ...

GREG

No. No, it's great. It's great. I just ...

GREG's voice is more animated now, his pleasure in the call apparent. He glances across to the collection of photos. Included amongst them is a college certificate and the photos are of GREG with college friends - all of whom we will meet later.

GREG smiles as he looks at the pictures of NATHAN, HOLLY, ROTHENBURG, TAMMY, and DUFFY though as he looks at MARIETTA his brow furrows sufficiently to suggest some unhealed wound, some broken love affair.

His gaze settles on one particular photo which shows his younger self at a dinner table in the company of MARIETTA and an older couple. All four smile at the camera. GREG grins but then a different kind of worry surfaces and he interrupts himself.

GREG

... Lucy, is everything okay?
Leo... I mean, is Leo ... ?

4 INT EMERSON SITTING ROOM EVE

LUCY EMERSON, a still-attractive and vivacious woman in her late forties, sits in an armchair at one end of a large, open-plan sitting room. She is the older woman in the photo on GREG's wall.

The room is stylish enough to suggest that the EMERSONS are a couple still young-at-heart, still in-touch with modern fashions but it also has the comfortable air of long occupancy and the amiable clutter of busy lives.

At the far end of the room, through a large archway that was probably once a connecting wall between two smaller rooms, a man sits at a desk, absorbed in some work he is doing there. He is

LEO EMERSON, LUCY's husband, the man in GREG's photo, and a college professor in his mid-fifties.

LUCY holds the phone close to herself and her voice is almost a whisper. It is clear she doesn't want LEO to hear - though the distance across the room and the fact that LEO is obviously busy with what he is doing make her caution seem unusual.

LUCY

No, no. He's fine, Greg. He's here ...

As LUCY pauses, the camera TRACKS across the room to LEO. He is busy, the fingers of one hand holding a place in one book while a finger of the other traces a reference in a different one. His eyes move back and forth, his mind making connections. His manner suggests more than just a busy academic. He looks like a man obsessively investigating something. The unusual edge that this gives to the scene is furthered by LUCY, by her caution, by the slight tone of worry that creeps into her voice as she continues.

LUCY

... but ... well, it is Leo
I wanted to talk about.

5 INT GREG'S BEDROOM NIGHT

GREG draws the phone closer and leans his arms on his knees, as if he too needs to be careful of being overheard.

GREG

Sure. Tell me. But ... I mean
... can you talk now?

6 INT EMERSON SITTING ROOM EVE

LUCY glances over at the occupied LEO. A rueful smile attempts to cross her face, but the worry won't let it.

LUCY

Yes. But the fact that I can
is part of the problem, Greg.

As LUCY continues to speak, we CUT TO LEO.

LUCY (o-c)

He's working on something. Investigating
something. Greg, I've never seen him
like this before. He's ... obsessed.

The camera TRACKS round to look over LEO's shoulder at his desk.

LUCY (o-c)

There's ... there's something going ON

in this town, Greg. Something bad.

LEO's desk is cluttered with books, xeroxes, documents. The phone conversation continues OFF as the camera explores the desk.

GREG (o-c)

In Hobbsville? C'mon, Lucy - the place isn't BIG enough for something bad to happen.

LUCY (o-c)

It's bigger than Hobbsville, Greg. But it's starting here. I don't know why ...

Off to the top of the desk, its cover closed, lies a book. It is called "THE DEVIL'S TOYMAKER: THE LIFE AND WORK OF PHILLIP LEMARCHAND" and its dust-jacket has a photograph of two items - a mechanical monkey musician and a LAMENT CONFIGURATION.

GREG (o-c)

And Leo's mixed up in it? I don't believe ...

Nearer to LEO's busy hands are various photographs and documents. There is a photo of a large mansion in American turn-of-the-century style, turreted and complex and a xeroxed magazine article with the headline "HELL COMES TO HOBBSVILLE" and the sub-head "City College Gains Notorious Hellfire Club Artifacts".

LUCY (o-c)

No! But he's ... Jesus, I don't know! It's something to do with the college ... but that's not it. It's the other place ...

To one side of the desk is a folded-over newspaper, recent and unyellowed. The visible article is headed "HOUSE OF SHAME!" and its sub-head is "Feaver House a Disgrace, Says Radio's Holly". Two photographs illustrate the piece - one of an attractive young woman captioned "Holly Needes" (who is one of the people in the photos on GREG's wall) and one of a house captioned "The Feaver House; Palace of Pleasure or Door to Damnation?". The house is the same one as in the other photograph on the desk.

We CUT BACK to LUCY as she finishes her sentence.

LUCY

... the Feaver House. I ...

LUCY's voice has been growing in volume as her concern breaks through her desire not to be heard. LEO, previously oblivious to what she has been saying, suddenly looks up and across the room to her.

LEO (sharply)

GREG (o-c)

What? What did you say?

The what? What's that?

LUCY waves her hand in a negative "it was nothing" way at LEO and speaks into the phone in a forcedly conversational tone.

LUCY

That's right. Sure. It'd be great to see you.

GREG (o-c)

Lucy? What? What the hell is going on?

LEO remains looking at his wife for a moment but LUCY is looking down at the phone's base unit and smiling as if hearing friendly or amusing chat from the other end of the line.

LUCY

Okay. Bye.

LUCY puts the phone down. She looks up to meet LEO's gaze, miming surprise that he should be looking at her. LEO's brows knit slightly. He assumes he must have misheard. He smiles absent-mindedly at his wife and returns his attention to his desk.

7 INT GREG'S BEDROOM NIGHT

GREG grips his phone tightly.

GREG

Lucy? Lucy!? ... Shit!!

GREG slams the phone down and stares at it for a moment or two. Then he sighs, stands off the bed, and walks towards his window, pausing on the way to glance again at the photos. The camera closes in on the image of MARIETTA and then CUTS to GREG's face as he blinks and makes a small wry gesture with his mouth.

GREG moves on to the window. He opens the blind. Beneath him is a mass of big-city lights. GREG looks out at it and shakes his head.

GREG

Hobbsville. Jesus.

CUT TO BLACKNESS, over which is heard the thunderous roar of an airliner which bridges the next CUT.

8 EXT AIRPORT EVE

From a very low angle, an aircraft moves across the screen - lower left corner to upper right - diminishing in size as it flies away from our F.O.V.

GREG (o-c)
Probably going somewhere civilised ...

The camera TRACKS back slightly to reveal we are watching the view through the car windscreen of NATHAN SMITH. The exterior of the airport is now revealed, along with the road into Hobbsville and the heads of NATHAN and GREG, sitting in the front seats.

GREG turns his head away from the disappearing jet to look at his friend. He continues speaking.

GREG
Tell me I'm not doing the wrong thing ...

NATHAN SMITH grins at him. NATHAN is GREG's age but of slighter build and more delicate features. While GREG is the more extrovert and confident of the two, it is the slightly shy NATHAN who paradoxically takes more care with his appearance. His hair is carefully cut and styled into a James Dean quiff, something that doubtless seemed normal at college but is a little unusual in a twenty-five year old. But NATHAN has a major obsession with certain icons of 'fifties style and it is only baldness that will ever change his coiffure.

NATHAN
Why? I never lied to you before.
Of course you're doing the wrong
thing. I only agreed to pick you up
so I could be the first to laugh.

GREG gives a wry chuckle.

NATHAN
Nah. Just kidding. It'll be great.
Picket fences. Hardware stores. Big
mouths. Small minds. You'll love it.

GREG looks back at the Airport.

GREG
Mmmm. Maybe there's one last
'plane left in there ...

NATHAN guns his motor and the car starts up.

NATHAN
Too late! One getaway only to
each customer and you've had yours.

Though NATHAN's tone is jokey, the fact that twilight is falling coupled with something behind his voice gives a little edge to this scene and GREG looks at him in a slightly puzzled way before relaxing into a smile.

CUT TO MEDIUM-LONG SHOT as the car drives away, with OPTICAL WIFE TO:

9 EXT MAIN STREET TWILIGHT

The car moves through Hobbsville's main street. The camera moves with it. The street is very quiet - few cars, almost no people. Though ostensibly normal in appearance, there is something eerie about the town's stillness.

10 INT NATHAN'S CAR TWILIGHT

GREG looks out of the window at this strange stillness and shakes his head.

GREG

Jesus. I remembered it as quiet ...
but this ... Nathan, did I forget
it was Telethon night or something?

NATHAN grins.

NATHAN

Don't kid yourself, Saltzgaber. They
all heard you were coming. Look close -
you'll see the bars on the fuckin' windows.

GREG

I'm charmed.

NATHAN

But a few brave souls have ventured
out to split a bottle or two with you ...

GREG raises an inquisitive eyebrow.

NATHAN

Duffy, Tammy, Rothenburg ...

GREG

Rothenburg!? I thought he'd
be in a garret in Paris by now.

NATHAN

Close. He's in a garret in Hobbsville.
Still talks about painting but ...
we don't see a lot, you know?

GREG is about to reply when the car drives past the town's Church.

11 EXT DERELICT CHURCH TWILIGHT (TRAVELLING F.O.V.)

The camera TRACKS past the church, as from GREG's P.O.V., turning to watch it recede.

The church is derelict. The windows are gone, the door hangs open, and there are even some scorch marks around the window frames suggesting the interior may have been burnt out. It does not look as if it has been in this state for long, however: the lawn isn't yet overgrown, the paintwork is generally okay.

12 INT NATHAN'S CAR TWILIGHT

GREG turns back toward NATHAN and gestures back at the receding church. He is about to ask about it but NATHAN pre-empts him.

NATHAN

Gives a whole new meaning to the phrase "Godforsaken small town", doesn't it?

13 INT DERELICT CHURCH TWILIGHT

The camera TRACKS rapidly up the central aisle of the derelict church. Despite the interior damage it is clearly recognisable as the church seen in the opening sequence.

The camera reaches the top of the church where the fragments of the shattered altar lay all around. Huge scorch marks emanate from a central crack in the floor but the crack itself is sealed and the torture pillar is not present.

There is a slight sound off to the side and the camera moves to take in the shadows at the side of the altar-space.

Sitting cross-legged in the shadows is a DERELICT. He is apparently naked, though the shadows he sits in mean we can't be sure of this. His skin is ancient and leathery, his grey hair long and matted. His eyelids are heavy but his eyes glow with an unsettling intensity and stare fixedly at his hands, which rest just above his lap and appear to hold something tightly - something which the shadows don't let us see.

14 INT NATHAN'S CAR TWILIGHT/NIGHT

GREG

So where's this reunion? Maxwell's?

GREG grins, confident of the answer. NATHAN chuckles.

NATHAN

Of course.

GREG

Still the only place in town?

NATHAN pauses for a moment, as if concentrating on his driving - but the pause is a little too studied, as if he's actually taking a moment to prepare his answer.

NATHAN
Er, not quite. No.

He is saved from elaboration by GREG's next question, which attempts to be off-hand and casual but doesn't quite succeed.

GREG
And ... let's see ... who
else? Marietta gonna be there?

NATHAN takes his eyes off the road for a second to meet his friend's gaze directly. His tone is gentle but flat.

NATHAN
No. She ... she has other commitments.

GREG
Uh-huh.

GREG nods his head as he speaks as if to say "that's cool. I only asked out of politeness." but the two friends look away from each other and fall into an awkward silence.

Night has been falling during the drive and dusk has finally given way to darkness by now. Street lights are on, as well as the occasional light in the quiet houses the car passes.

Suddenly the car drives past something quite different from what has gone before; a large house set in its own grounds has lights on in many rooms and a large number of cars are parked outside it. Even inside NATHAN's car, music can be dimly heard coming from the house. People are walking from their cars to the front door. It is the house from the photograph and the newspaper article on LEO's desk. GREG stares at it in astonishment as they drive past.

GREG
What the ...

NATHAN
The Feaver House. Popular.
Very popular.

NATHAN doesn't turn to look at the house but GREG keeps his eyes fixed on it as the car speeds past.

15 EXT FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

The camera regards the house from amidst the parked cars. The music heard dimly in NATHAN's car is now louder but still muffled

slightly, coming as it does from inside the house.

As the scene begins various people are arriving at the house in small separate groups, all dressed for a night out - two young men enter through the front door, a trio of teenage girls walk along the drive from the parking area to the house, and a man and woman close their car doors having just parked.

As the couple move toward the drive and the girls reach the door, another car pulls up. The implication is of a very steady flow of people arriving at the house, the atmosphere that of the coolest place around - the place everyone wants to go to.

The camera TRACKS toward the side of the house, away from the drive, almost as if circling the place. As it turns the corner it begins to close in on a side wall. Halfway along this wall is a narrow strip of basement window and the camera TRACKS toward this.

The sound of the music continues but gradually, fading up over it, comes a regular pulsing sound like a heartbeat. A faint blue glow emanates from the basement window and seems to pulse slightly, in time with the heartbeat.

16 INT MAXWELL'S BAR 'N' GRILL NIGHT

Maxwell's is a standard establishment of Anytown, USA; there is a long bar down one wall with stools for the serious drinkers while the main part of the floor is given over to tables for dating couples and groups of friends. It is also clearly a bar favoured by college students through the years - there are pennants, photographs, and other oddities on all the walls.

The only thing missing from the bar is clientele - the place is very quiet. One elderly man is perched on the barstool nearest to the restroom doors - to minimise the time between drinks - but, apart from him, the only customers are GREG, NATHAN, and their friends who sit around a circular table near the opposite wall.

Apart from GREG and NATHAN, the party consists of ROTHENBURG, a former art student and would-be painter; DUFFY, an amiable junkie; TAMMY, a bank-clerk; and HOLLY - whose photo was in the paper on LEO's desk - a local radio-journalist.

They are all much the same age as GREG and NATHAN, having all been college contemporaries. ROTHENBURG is slight, intense, and european-looking with dark hair and sunken, intelligent eyes. DUFFY is well-built but has the benign untogetherness and the slightly unfocussed eyes of the habitually stoned. TAMMY is a pretty blonde who seems unable to lose the professionally servile smile her employers insist on.

HOLLY is the most striking of them all because she is a paradox; she is not only beautiful but radiates a charismatic sensuality that is somehow heightened by her attempts to constrain it with a

prim business suit, tied-back hair, and a somewhat severe gaze.

There are several bottles and glasses on the table in front of them. Three empty beer bottles stand by DUFFY's glass, while a smaller glass of Scotch and ice sits in front of ROTHENBURG. Two wine bottles in the middle of the table relate to the glasses of TAMMY, GREG, and NATHAN. HOLLY has a tall glass of designer-water in which floats a slice of lemon as a concession to frivolity.

Despite the quietness of the rest of the place, the alcohol and the genuine pleasure of reunion have ensured an uninhibited flow of conversation and laughter at the table. At the moment DUFFY is in the middle of another anecdote relating to his one topic of conversation - the gaining, using, or losing of various controlled substances.

DUFFY

... so Brennan just walks right over, goes for exactly the right pocket, and just, like, TAKES it. I mean, Jesus, I hadn't even SMELT it ...

The others smile, half in amusement, half in sympathy.

GREG

What'd you say?

DUFFY, with a small effort, focusses on GREG.

DUFFY

Hey, man, I was genuinely surprised, you know? I just said "Shit, sherriff, you musta smoked that last stash real quick. Problems at home?"

There is a burst of laughter from the others - except for HOLLY who permits herself a wry smile and no more - at which DUFFY glances round the table, bemused, happy at the sound of laughter but not quite seeing what was funny.

GREG

Brennan. Jesus, haven't thought about him for a time ...

TAMMY suddenly interrupts. Her tone is gossipy and excited, helping to further the impression of an old friends' reunion - swapping notes, catching up on news etc.

TAMMY

Hey! You'll NEVER guess who his deputy is...

The others smile and giggle as they wait for GREG to learn this.

TAMMY

Gantry!

GREG looks incredulous and then joins in the laughter.

GREG

No!

NATHAN

Yeah! Shit-for-brains Gantry, our old classmate.

ROTHENBURG

There was us. There were the jocks. Then there were the nerds. And THEN there was Gantry.

Warm laughter comes from all of them as old memories stir. Then GREG glances round the all-but-empty bar.

GREG

... Don't suppose he OR his boss have had to break up many fights in HERE lately.

There is a momentary lapse in the general good-timing after GREG says this and he takes the opportunity to press the point.

GREG

I mean - what happened? This place used to be so popular...

There is no immediate response. GREG glances from face to face. TAMMY's fixed smile seems to waver a little, while DUFFY's just gets broader in its good-natured vacuousness. HOLLY scowls slightly and seems about to speak when ROTHENBURG, after throwing a sly grin at DUFFY and TAMMY, gets in first.

ROTHENBURG

Times change, Greg. These days there's only one place in town ...

DUFFY gives a little giggle and speaks, almost to himself.

DUFFY

That's for sure ...

GREG looks at NATHAN for clarification, but HOLLY cuts in as NATHAN begins to reply. HOLLY's voice, like her face and figure, is warm and attractive even when she voices disapproval and it adds to the impression of her as a woman at odds with herself.

NATHAN

The Feaver

HOLLY

The Feaver House, Greg. That's what they're talking about.

HOLLY fixes her eyes on GREG. Her gaze is a mixture of a challenging stare and a yearning for someone to understand. GREG

raises his hands in a gesture half-placatory and half-inquisitive. He smiles tentatively at HOLLY as if to assure her he is a friend and ready to listen.

GREG

I want to know about this place.

ROTHENBURG looks to the air with a slight shake of his head and speaks as if to himself.

ROTHENBURG

And I just bet Holly's going to tell you.

HOLLY looks across sharply at ROTHENBURG. Her tone is just on the polite side of aggressive, as if she is used to being mocked for her attitudes and is always ready to be over-defensive.

HOLLY

Want to give your version first?

ROTHENBURG smiles acidly.

ROTHENBURG

No, that's fine. But maybe I should give Greg my version of YOU.

GREG is surprised at how quickly the tone between his old friends has become confrontational. He attempts to smooth it down.

GREG

Guys, come on, it's ...

HOLLY keeps her eyes on ROTHENBURG and ignores GREG.

HOLLY

Go ahead. I'll be fascinated.

ROTHENBURG gives a mock-polite smile of acknowledgement and turns his face to Greg.

ROTHENBURG

See, what you should realise, Greg, is that on any other night Holly wouldn't be seen dead with us. She's made a special effort. You should be flattered. Holly is now Hobbsville's own little Moral Majorette ... you know the type - favourite hobbies repression, self-righteousness, and book-burning ...

DUFFY

Still got a bod to die for, though.

NATHAN grins. TAMMY stifles a giggle. HOLLY throws DUFFY a glance that would freeze lava.

HOLLY

Thank you, Duffy. That was a blisteringly intelligent remark.

DUFFY blinks and looks at NATHAN with a modest smile, happy to have impressed. NATHAN attempts to cool things down.

NATHAN

Oh, come on, Rothenburg. That's a little over the top. Holly may have got religion but she didn't put her brain on hold. She's still Holly.

HOLLY smiles at NATHAN in gratitude and friendship. The smile does wonders for her, highlighting the natural warmth and beauty of her face. She turns her attention back to GREG. Her tone now is soft and vulnerable.

HOLLY

I've seen friends lost, Greg. To drink, to drugs, to all the small deaths of the spirit ... I turned to faith to remind myself that life can mean so much more than we normally allow. Does that make me a freak?

GREG smiles tenderly at her. He shakes his head slightly.

GREG

No. No, it doesn't.

TAMMY reaches across the table and squeezes HOLLY's hand slightly in a small gesture of support and friendship. NATHAN too is smiling. ROTHENBURG has his eyes cast down - he's not quite ashamed, but maybe he feels he was a little cruel to an old friend. DUFFY, as oblivious to subtext as ever, is simply waiting for the conversation to get fun again. GREG prompts HOLLY gently.

GREG

And the Feaver House ... ?

HOLLY

The Feaver House is a moral Black Hole. It draws people to it and makes them part of its darkness. It offers any pleasure you want - drink, drugs, boys, girls. The whole damn town is in thrall to it ...

TAMMY interrupts, smiling mischievously at NATHAN.

TAMMY

Well, not quite. We haven't persuaded Nathan to come along yet ...

ROTHENBURG (slyly)
Yeah, well, Montgomery Clift's dead
so there's nothing to tempt him with.

NATHAN gives a mock-smile at ROTHENBURG

NATHAN
Subtle as ever, Rothenburg.

HOLLY continues as if the interruption hadn't happened.

HOLLY
The place is evil, Greg. I know it.

A heavy silence falls on the table due to the gravity and sincerity in HOLLY's voice. There is a beat or two and then the front door to the place opens noisily and SHERRIFF BRENNAN and GANTRY, his deputy, enter.

BRENNAN has the overstated swagger of the big fish in a very small pond. Now in his late forties, the mean and moody look of his youth is spoilt by the beer-belly that sits uncomfortably on his generally lean and wiry frame and by the receding of his slicked-back black hair. His brow is constantly creased and his lower lip constantly chewed in order to convey the impression of a constantly busy brain but their effect is mitigated by his astonishingly stupid eyes which suggest that if his brain is busy it is because it takes all its energy to keep him breathing.

GANTRY is a cross between a willing idiot and an incipient bully. He is young enough - early twenties - to still have some friendliness and excitement in his eyes but impressionable enough for a few more years of BRENNAN's tutelage to take care of that. He's good-looking but a bit gormless - if he's successful with women it's with those old enough to confuse the maternal impulse with the erotic. He's a bit like Dennis Quaid after a lobotomy.

They make their way towards the bar, BRENNAN scanning the all-but-empty room, ready to take decisive action at any trouble.

As they pass the table, BRENNAN stops and GANTRY pulls up behind him. BRENNAN stares at GREG, clearly running through his mental files to put a name to the once-familiar face. He nods slowly.

BRENNAN
Saltzgaber ...

GREG
Sherriff.

BRENNAN
Mmm ... Los Angeles, right?

GREG nods, a smile that is just about polite on his face. BRENNAN turns, looks pointedly at DUFFY, and then back at GREG.

BRENNAN
Stay out of trouble.

BRENNAN is about to move on, but NATHAN begins clicking his fingers as if desperately trying to remember something.

NATHAN
Wait ... wait ... don't tell me ...
Robocop! Got it! You're so hip, Sherriff.
Anybody else'd say "Make my day".

BRENNAN
Can it, Dorothy.

Before anyone can answer, BRENNAN has turned his gaze to HOLLY. He intends his stare as calm and polite but the salaciousness is poorly hidden. He'd love an excuse for a body-search.

BRENNAN
I'm surprised at the company
you're keeping, miss Needes.

HOLLY looks pointedly from BRENNAN to GANTRY and back.

HOLLY
Oh, I can think of worse.

BRENNAN's eyes become as hard as flint at this slight. He turns to GANTRY and, with an impatient nod as if stopping had been the deputy's idea, leads the way to the bar.

The six friends exchange glances, half amused, half offended. GREG waits until the officers are settled over at the bar and then resumes the conversation.

GREG
You know, the reason I'm here ... I
got a call from Lucy Emerson. She's
worried about Leo. She mentioned that
house. I ...

DUFFY
Hey, Emerson's not your only
old friend involved there, man ...

NATHAN throws a sharp glance at DUFFY.

NATHAN
Duffy, just shut up, okay?

GREG
What are you talking about?

DUFFY
Marietta.

NATHAN
Jesus Christ.

GREG
What about Marietta?

GREG glances from DUFFY to NATHAN and back again. NATHAN gives a shrug and a slight shake of the head. The rest of the table falls silent, except for DUFFY who is quite happy to answer.

DUFFY
She's there. All the time.

GREG
Yeah. So are you guys, as far as I can tell ... ?

DUFFY smiles. He realises he hasn't made himself clear.

DUFFY
Yeah, but we're just clients, man. She works there.

For a second, GREG's face is frozen, staring at DUFFY. Then he turns his head slowly to look at NATHAN, his eyes asking the question. NATHAN spreads his hands and grimaces in an expression of both apology and sympathy.

DUFFY
Second floor, man. Top dollar.

GREG still hasn't spoken. He stands up, his eyes still on NATHAN.

DUFFY
Drives all the old men crazy.

GREG extends his hand, palm up, towards NATHAN.

GREG
Keys.

NATHAN hesitates a second but then sees the mixture of pain and determination in his friend's eyes. He digs in his pocket for his car-keys and puts them in GREG's hand. GREG moves back from the table. He is about to walk away but throws one parting glance round the whole group.

GREG
Bye.

HOLLY makes a small gesture with her hand.

HOLLY
Greg. It's no use. You can't do anything.

GREG looks straight at HOLLY. Only the genuine sympathy he sees in her face tempers the tone of contempt in his voice.

GREG

Yeah? Salvation not in fashion this week?

HOLLY blinks and then smiles, the smile both warm and approving.

HOLLY

Good luck.

GREG nods slightly and walks to the door. As it closes behind him, the rest of the group share an awkward silence broken by DUFFY's voice as he glances from face to face.

DUFFY

Anybody got any ...

DUFFY catches sight of BRENNAN looking back over at their table and bites off the word "dope" or "coke" or "glue" or whatever.

DUFFY

... er ... M and M's?

17 INT BASEMENT NIGHT

We are in a very large, very old basement. A wooden staircase runs up the side of one wall. The ceiling of the basement is obscured by a myriad of interconnecting wooden support beams and cross beams that almost seem to form a web or a maze high above the basement itself. This effect is highlighted by the mass of confusing shadows that mingle with the beams.

The basement is dimly-lit, only the faint blue phosphorescent glow that seems to ooze from the walls providing the light.

The walls are of badly whitewashed brick and the floor is a simple dirt one, neither concreted or carpeted. Hence its surface is uneven. There are piles of old bricks, rotted timbers, and rat-droppings dotted around.

But the oddest feature of the basement is what sits in the centre of it. It is a huge round structure resembling a vat or water-tank. But rather than metal or wood, this vat is constructed of what at first sight appears to very haphazardly rendered concrete, very bumpy and uneven. On closer inspection though, the bumps and angles in the vat's walls resemble organic forms - faces, arms, breasts, buttocks - like a sculpture of a tightly-packed mass-grave. But the shapes are twisted and stretched so that the final result is of some hideous cross between recently-cooled lava and human fossils.

This nightmarish building-material trails along the floor from the vat to one of the basement walls and runs up the wall to disappear into the shadows where the wall meets the ceiling. It looks like a vast and hideous pipe, a conduit of some kind to carry something to fill the vat.

FEAVER enters the shot and approaches the vat. He has discarded the robes of the opening sequence for a black business suit. He reaches the vat and leans over it. The camera moves with him, revealing the contents of the vat. It is full of a thick, viscous, and disgusting brown gel. Steam rises from this stuff and occasional bubbles break the surface.

Floating on top of this nauseous soup, directly in the centre, is the face of PINHEAD, eyes closed, mouth silent.

FEAVER looks down at the basking monster's head, his expression half quizzical, half worshipful.

Without warning, suddenly and terrifyingly, the area of brown fluid to either side of PINHEAD's face is disturbed as two skeletal arms break surface and PINHEAD's eyelids simultaneously fly open, revealing those terrible black eyes.

There is neither flesh nor musculature on the arms, just black bone and some traceries of tissue, sinew, and nerve. Drops of the brown nutrient fall from them. The arms fly up, until they are at a forty-five degree angle to the liquid. The skeletal fingers twitch and clutch at the air.

FEAVER throws himself a step or two backward in frightened surprise. PINHEAD's eyes, glittering darkly, fix on FEAVER's. His lips peel themselves apart and his demonic tones echo through the basement in a single shouted demand.

PINHEAD

More!

PINHEAD rolls his eyes to stare at his arms and then back up to the basement's ceiling. He opens his mouth wider and roars.

PINHEAD

MORE!!

FEAVER's eyes glitter, their human excitement almost a match for the inhuman hunger in PINHEAD's. His tone is soothing and eager.

FEAVER

Soon. Soon. But I have to be careful.
We can only send one or two customers
a night to the second floor. The special
rooms are for drifters. Out-of-towners.
The unmissed ...

PINHEAD's gaze returns to FEAVER. His voice betrays none of the helplessness his current state would imply. He is clearly an impatient master speaking to a tardy servant.

PINHEAD

Don't reason with me, Feaver!

Feed Me!!!

FINHEAD holds FEAVER's gaze a second or two longer and then he rolls his eyes up to look at the ceiling.

The camera follows his gaze and begins to TRACK up toward the ceiling, toward the complex weave of wooden beams and shadows.

FINHEAD(o-c)

Feed me.

The TRACK reaches an area of heavy shadow and blackness fills the screen.

The BLACKNESS is held for a second or so and then the sound of a car pulling into park is heard over it and we CUT.

18 EXT FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

GREG slams shut the door of NATHAN's car and walks up the drive to the front door of the Feaver House. He raps on it.

19 INT GROUND FLOOR, FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT (GREG'S F.O.V.)

At first, the front door fills the screen and then opens away from us. Framed in the doorway is a large DOORMAN in black evening dress. He is muscular and bald and has the face of a natural thug but his features are softened by the mask of professional deference he wears.

Behind him, the ground floor of the Feaver House is seen. The downstairs rooms have been knocked together into a huge open-plan area. The air is full of smoke, music, and many voices.

The room is a cross between a night-club and the waiting room of a high-class New Orleans bordello. It looks very out of place for a small town like Hobbsville with its high walls, hanging tapestries, and large ornate staircase.

There are a few tables, chairs, and sofas scattered throughout the room but most of the action seems to be going on in various curtained partitions off from the back wall. The largest of these seems to be a bar, which is very full of people, and the crowd is a random mixture of age, sex, and class.

People come and go from the other curtained booths as well. Most of the smoke that fills the atmosphere seems to come from behind these curtains but opium is not the only pleasure taken there; among the crowd are several beautiful men and women in very brief costumes of black leather - they are also for sale and customers can be seen entering the booths in their company.

The DOORMAN inclines his head slightly and then stares directly

out from the screen at GREG and, by implication of the F.O.V., at us. His voice is pitched low and respectful but its tough, underworld origins are not completely obscured.

DOORMAN
What's your pleasure, sir?

20 EXT STREET FROM FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT (C.U. GREG)

GREG's eyes shift temporarily as he looks at the scene beyond the DOORMAN then return. He tempers his anger as best he can but his voice is still clipped and cold as he replies.

GREG
Second floor.

21 INT GROUND FLOOR, FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

The DOORMAN tilts his head slightly with a quizzical expression.

DOORMAN
Do we know you, sir?

GREG shakes his head slightly, staring beyond the DOORMAN into the room. His voice seems distracted.

GREG
I'm from out of town.

The DOORMAN's answering smile is partly one of welcome but there is a secret and amused knowledge in his eyes.

DOORMAN
Then we must make you welcome.

He moves back, spreading one arm out to usher GREG in.

GREG moves past him into the busy room, glancing around him as he crosses the floor to the stairwell in the centre of the back wall. He puts one foot on the stairs, then glances back at the front door. The DOORMAN stares across the room at him and as GREG finds his eyes the DOORMAN nods slightly, a small smile on his lips. GREG begins to walk up the stairs.

22 INT SECOND FLOOR, FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

GREG steps from the stairs into a central corridor which is lined with doors on both of its sides and ends in a large picture window. On each of the doors is a small name-plate.

The corridor is wide and long and there is another customer walking along it, a portly middle-aged man in a loud red shirt.

He and GREG approach each other. The RED SHIRTED MAN gives a cheery smile which falters into confusion at GREG's stony-faced stare. He steps back slightly and continues down one side of the corridor until he finds the door he is looking for.

The RED SHIRTED MAN knocks on the door and casts a last nervous and suspicious glance at GREG who has now stopped outside another door on the opposite side of the corridor. The RED SHIRTED MAN opens his door and leaves the corridor.

GREG looks at the nameplate on the door he has reached. "Marietta" it reads. He waits a moment and then opens the door.

23 INT MARIETTA'S ROOM NIGHT

GREG enters the room and closes the door behind him, only turning to look at the room once he has done so.

The room is astonishingly bare for a whore's bedroom. The floor is wooden and uncovered and the walls have no pictures, windows, or mirrors. There is the door GREG has just closed, a connecting door on one of the side walls, and a large pair of red curtains on the back wall, that's all.

At the sound of the closing door, these curtains are parted, like a smaller version of those in a theatre or cinema. A warm, pulsing, multi-hued light begins to glow behind them and MARIETTA walks into view. She advances two or three steps beyond the now fully open curtain and then stands still.

MARIETTA is tall, raven-haired, and beautiful. She is also blindfolded and practically naked except for strips of studded leather wrapped strategically around her body. She stands very still, her chin raised slightly. There is something distressing about her stillness, almost as if she is asleep on her feet. She does nothing for a second or so and then places a smile on her face for her unseen customer.

The source of the multi-coloured light is behind her. It is a strange mass of substance, almost organic in appearance, uneven and richly-textured, bright and pulsing, and fills the space between the curtains entirely.

GREG has said nothing. He stands by the door, an expression of disbelief and horror on his face.

MARIETTA lifts her arms slightly and spreads them in a gesture both welcoming and submissive.

MARIETTA

Come to me.

GREG neither moves nor speaks. MARIETTA tips her head to one side coquettishly - though the movement has something odd about it, as

if the movement began before her brain decided to make it happen.

MARIETTA

No? Shall I come to you then?
Is that what you want?

Her speech too is a little odd. The tone is sensual and self-consciously alluring but it is almost slurred, as if she is not quite in control of what she is saying.

MARIETTA begins to walk forward. Her walk is provocative. but again her movements are strange, a little jerky, almost puppet-like. Disturbingly, the pulsing material behind her seems to shift slightly, too.

GREG speaks her name softly, his tone both loving and despairing.

GREG

Marietta ...

The sound of his voice brings MARIETTA to a sudden stop. The professional smile is wiped from her face.

MARIETTA

Who ... ?

Even before she has finished speaking, her body moves forward again as her face twitches back into the harlot's grin. With each second, it becomes clearer she is not in control of her actions. GREG takes a step or two towards her, his despair rapidly giving way to confusion and concern.

The camera begins a TRACK around to the side of MARIETTA, allowing us to see what is happening at the same time as GREG.

The stuff behind her is NOT simply behind her. It stretches across the floor like a huge, fat, hideous membrane and it is attached to MARIETTA's flesh - back, arms, and legs - by various sucker-like appendages, all of which are buried a good inch or two inside her, the flesh swollen over them bruised and inflamed.

The texture of this thing is very reminiscent of the stuff that PINHEAD's vat is made from, except that here it is mobile and organic, while the stuff in the basement is ossified.

It is this thing that controls her movements, propelling MARIETTA forward, tilting her head, swaying her hips for her in inhuman parody of the movements of human desire.

GREG

Jesus Christ!

GREG is paralysed for a second by this first glimpse of the true nature of the Feaver house but then horror and disgust are replaced by outrage and he rushes forward. He grabs MARIETTA and,

simultaneously ripping the blindfold from her face, pulls the girl's body free of the vast swollen tentacle, which slips from her flesh and retracts instantly into the mass of itself between the curtains, where it pulses and throbs angrily.

MARIETTA gasps and shudders as the tentacle leaves her body. Her eyes find GREG as he pulls her clear. For a second they seem to glow with recognition and then roll up into her head as she passes out, as if the tentacle had been pumping some kind of drug into her and the shock of withdrawal has made her faint.

GREG
Marietta ...

The girl's eyelids flicker and she opens her eyes. It is an obvious effort to keep them open and she finds it difficult to speak.

MARIETTA
G-Greg ... ? Greg, I ...

GREG glances quickly round the room, at the pulsing membrane.

GREG
Not now. We have to get out of here.

GREG leans the still-dazed MARIETTA against one arm and reaches for the handle of the main door with the other.

24 INT DERELICT CHURCH NIGHT

In tight CLOSE UP and a very quick CUT, a pair of hands are seen moving a box-like structure. A combination of shadow and the hands themselves keep any detail of the box from being seen.

One swift movement is all we see the hands make as if they are turning two halves of the box in different directions.

25 INT MARIETTA'S ROOM NIGHT

The cut away was very brief. GREG's hand now on the handle, he throws the door open, revealing only a solid slab of metal.

GREG
What the FUCK ... ?!

Wasting no time on astonishment, GREG rushes MARIETTA to the room's connecting door.

26 INT DERELICT CHURCH NIGHT

Again in CLOSE UP and again briefly, we see the hands and the box.

This time, the movement the hands make across the width of the box allow us to see the box itself. Though the same size and shape as the LAMENT CONFIGURATION, the box is actually a scale replica of the Feather House itself.

Starting in CLOSE UP, the camera TRACKS back dizzyingly quickly as the hands make their move allowing us to see that the hands belong to the DERELICT still sitting cross-legged in the shadows of the ruined Church.

27 INT MARIETTA'S ROOM NIGHT

GREG throws open the connecting door. No metal barrier. Instead, direct access to a room identical to MARIETTA's.

Despite having gone into a room further down the corridor and on its opposite side, the RED SHIRTED MAN is in this second room.

GREG has no time for surprise, only horror - RED SHIRT is on his knees by the far wall. Tight against the wall, pressing onto a similar pulsing membrane as in MARIETTA's room, her legs spread around her client's head and shoulders, is a grossly fat WHORE.

The WHORE looks at GREG. Her features crease into an obscene and almost demonic grin. Her legs spread wider, impossibly wide. The membrane pulses and glows with lights. A black shadow spreads and swells around RED-SHIRT and suddenly, horrifyingly, he is sucked forward into the shadow at great speed. He jams for a moment, his legs kick pathetically, and GREG hears an echoed scream for help.

GREG delays only to move MARIETTA back slightly and steady her on her feet and then turns back ready to rush through the door.

28 INT DERELICT CHURCH NIGHT

The hands and the miniature house in CLOSE UP. Again, a very swift move, a very brief CUT.

29 INT MARIETTA'S ROOM NIGHT

GREG is almost at the door when suddenly a guillotine-like blade seems to sweep across the doorway, sealing the rooms apart. If GREG had been a second faster, he would have been sliced in two. There was something odd about the way the movement looked and, despite his shock, GREG manages to articulate it.

GREG

Shit! It's the room! The fucking room is moving!

GREG glances round the room. As if to prove his deduction, the main doorway is now clear - the second movement of the DERELICT's

hands has put the room back in place (connecting door blocked, main door open). Despite this tempting exit, GREG can't ignore RED-SHIRT's scream and begins to beat and kick at the metal.

GREG

Move now, you mother! Move now!

Neither the sealed doorway nor GREG's blows mask the sound that comes from the other side of the metal plate; a last, despairing scream which is suddenly and sharply cut off.

GREG stops hammering and shakes his head in frustrated horror.

As the last echo of the scream dies away it is replaced by a hideous slurping sound like some infernal waste disposal.

Confusion now mixed with the horror on his face, GREG backs away slightly and, seizing MARIETTA's hand, rushes out the main door.

30 INT SECOND FLOOR, FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

GREG and MARIETTA run toward the stairs. Before they turn down them however GREG glances down the stairwell.

At the bottom of the stairs, and climbing them rapidly, is the DOORMAN, staring up, brow furrowed in surprise and anger. His hand moves ominously inside his jacket as if reaching for a gun.

GREG steps back from the bannister and stares around him. His eyes fix on the picture window at the end of the corridor and he rushes MARIETTA toward it.

Wrapping his jacket round his arm, GREG smashes the window, knocking all the glass clear of at least the lower sill and looks out through the smashed window.

31 EXT FEAVER HOUSE GROUNDS NIGHT (GREG'S P.O.V.)

We look down at some grassy wasteground at the back of the Feaver house. It appears to be a twelve to fifteen feet drop.

32 INT SECOND FLOOR, FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

GREG cannot afford to hesitate. He takes hold of MARIETTA again and steadies them both on the sill as best he can.

Unseen by GREG and apparently unnoticed by MARIETTA, a small unremoved shard of glass cuts into the girl's shoulder.

33 EXT FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

Seen from a low angle to the side of the house, we see GREG and MARIETTA jump from the second floor window. They sail through the air and hit the ground hard. GREG does his best to make the landing a rolling one - holding MARIETTA close to his body, they tumble over each other a few times and then come to a stop.

GREG, still on his back, instantly looks back up to the window.

The wall of the Feaver house towers above as the camera looks up from GREG's position on the ground.

The light from where they have just jumped from is suddenly cut off as if something has shot across the window.

GREG stands up and helps MARIETTA to her feet. He takes his jacket from around his arm and puts it over the girl's shoulders. We CUT in CLOSE for a second as he does this - the cut from the window glass is visible on one of her shoulders, though neither of them notice it. The cut is deep but it is not bleeding.

GREG

I got Nathan's car. C'mon.

GREG puts his arm around MARIETTA and hurries her on.

34 INT MARIETTA'S ROOM NIGHT

We are looking at the metal plate that separates MARIETTA's room from the adjoining one. The nauseating sucking sound is still audible beyond the metal. The sound continues as we DISSOLVE TO

35 INT BASEMENT NIGHT

The camera is in MEDIUM CLOSE UP on the stretch of basement wall that is dominated by the large, fossil-like pipe. The sucking sound continues as the camera TRACKS down the pipe, along the floor, and to the vat.

FEAVER is not in the basement but PINHEAD floats on top of the vat. PINHEAD's eyes are closed but jerk open immediately he hears the sound of sustenance coming his way. The slurping sound grows louder and faster, becoming a rush and then, suddenly, where the pipe meets the vat, it discharges a stream of pulpy brown fluid directly into it.

PINHEAD sighs and his mouth flexes in pleasure.

36 EXT NATHAN'S HOUSE NIGHT

NATHAN's car is parked in the street by his house. The house is set back from the kerb and is partially obscured by several trees in front of it, though a light from a main room is visible.

GREG and MARIETTA sit in the car talking.

GREG

So what the hell is going on?

MARIETTA

Greg. Please. Don't ask.

GREG

I'm asking.

MARIETTA

You don't want to know.

GREG

Yes I do.

MARIETTA turns from GREG to stare straight through the windscreen. She shakes her head sadly. Her voice is very small, almost a sob.

MARIETTA

But I don't want you to know. I
can't tell you. It's ... unspeakable.

She begins to cry softly and puts her face in her hands. GREG's face softens. He stretches one arm towards her, very tentatively and strokes her face. His voice is a mixture of a desire to know what's going on and a yearning to hold her, to comfort her.

GREG

Marietta ...

At the touch of his hand, MARIETTA looks up, her face confused and tearful. She speaks quickly and urgently.

MARIETTA

We're not there now. We're here.
We're together. Can't that be enough?

She reaches an arm to GREG, as if to caress his face. He pulls back slightly. His voice carries a memory of pain.

GREG

It wasn't enough two years ago.

MARIETTA

Two years ago I thought you were still
in love with Holly. I thought ... I thought
a lot of things two years ago. I thought
too much. Now I don't want to think at all.
I just want you to hold me.

She reaches out for GREG. This time he doesn't resist. They embrace briefly and then GREG leans back and nods toward the house. His voice is gentle, and consciously "normal" as if he has

decided not to press her too much yet on what is happening.

GREG

Come on. Let's go tell Nathan
he's got an extra guest.

MARIETTA smiles at him but, as he leans over her to open her door, her eyes stare out of the windscreen again, their expression distant and troubled.

37 INT BASEMENT NIGHT

From a low angle - low enough for us not to see over the lip of the vat - the camera watches FEAVER come down the wooden steps into the basement. As FEAVER moves across the floor, the camera TRACKS with him. The atmosphere is charged and creepy, oppressive and silent. FEAVER reaches the vat and looks in. The surface of brown slime is undisturbed and quite empty.

Suddenly, frighteningly, there is a noise from somewhere behind FEAVER, a sharp noise somewhere between the creak of leather and the slitting of flesh by a blade. FEAVER jumps and spins round.

PINHEAD walks toward him from the other end of the basement.

The camera TRACKS in slowly toward PINHEAD as he moves forward. His walk is slow and majestic. He glances imperiously around him like one who has just come into an inheritance.

PINHEAD's features are essentially the same as in HELLRAISER and HELLBOUND but there is one major and frightening difference. This creature is at least seven feet tall. He is not draped in the long leather cardinal's-type robe. Instead the black that clings to his body seems to be more thoroughly than ever PART of that body, a horny growth such as some animals have, a leather-like carapace that grows into and out of the cold blue flesh beneath.

The new appearance perhaps robs him slightly of some of the quiet elegance he possessed - though the stern impassive face and imperial manner ensure a continuity of his black papal style - but gives him in return a more immediately threatening look. He is stream-lined, sleek, a real Hell's Angel borrowing some of the street-wise style of the earthly usurpers of that name.

The TRACK ends in CLOSE UP on his face as he stops looking around him and stares straight ahead, his black merciless eyes gazing right out of the screen.

The camera CUTS TO WIDE to reveal FEAVER and PINHEAD. FEAVER's manner has changed a little now that he is in the company of the demon. While PINHEAD stands still, FEAVER edges around, moving unnecessarily, nervous in his voice and gestures despite the sense of triumph he feels at the successful raising into flesh of this creature from beyond. Even though he is a villain, the

audience should share FEAVER's human awe and fear of this monster.

FEAVER
I thought ...

PINHEAD
An overrated pastime, Feaver.
Gets in the way of appetite.
What did you ... think?

FEAVER
That it would ... take a little longer.

PINHEAD's eyes glitter a cold amusement.

PINHEAD
Perhaps you didn't allow for my eagerness.
For my hunger to be flesh, to be truly
of this plane rather than simply summoned.

FEAVER
Perhaps not. But you're here. That's
what matters. Now you can ... how
shall I put it? ...

FEAVER's smile is half nervous, half slyly knowing.

FEAVER
.. take a more personal hand in matters.

PINHEAD
Oh believe me, I shall. But I'm waiting
for company.

PINHEAD glances meaningfully at the vat.

PINHEAD
Soon, we will be ready. My army will
follow. And then the Great Harvest can begin.

FEAVER draws in an excited breath.

FEAVER
And Satan will truly be Lord of this world.

PINHEAD
How charmingly naive of you, Father.
I see the limiting visions of your
former profession persist in chaining
your imagination.

PINHEAD pauses as a small amused smile flits across his face.

PINHEAD
We'll have to see what we can do

about that.

FEAVER's nervousness is increased slightly, but is masked at the moment by a genuine confusion.

FEAVER

I'm not sure I understand.

PINHEAD

I'm sure you don't. Good and Evil, Feaver. You may have changed camps but you still believe in a two-party system.

PINHEAD walks slowly to the vat and stares down at its contents.

PINHEAD

Look at this soup, father. Is it Good? Evil? Does it acknowledge the hierarchies of either?

PINHEAD turns around and walks back towards FEAVER, who begins almost unconsciously to back away. The shadows in the room seem stronger now and almost mobile, the blue light more intense. Faintly, we can hear metallic dragging noises, like huge chains shifting and sliding in some faraway darkness.

PINHEAD stops walking, standing still and fixing his eyes on FEAVER, who continues moving backward, approaching the mass of black shadow that the far end of the basement has become. FEAVER's hands are rising out slowly on either side of him, palms upward in an instinctive gesture of surrender or denial.

PINHEAD

There is no Good.

Suddenly, a chain flies out of the darkness behind FEAVER and hooks its way cruelly into the back of his hand, the hook emerging through the palm. FEAVER screams, but PINHEAD keeps talking with the same smooth, implacable rhythm.

PINHEAD

There is no Evil.

Another chain whistles out and hooks FEAVER's other hand.

PINHEAD

There is only the flesh ...

The chains jerk tight, pulling FEAVER's arms out to full-stretch and to head-height on either side of him.

PINHEAD

... and its transformations.

Something else flies out at the screaming FEAVER, but this time,

instead of chain-links, it is made of barbed wire. It wraps itself around FEAVER's forehead, biting in tight, drawing blood.

PINHEAD

There is only pain, pleasure,
and their mutual transcendence.

FEAVER's anguished eyes find PINHEAD as he is lifted off his feet and another barbed-wire chain wraps itself around his ankles.

FEAVER

No! Please! It isn't fair!

FEAVER is pulled taut by the chains and wires, suspended in mid-air like a free-floating crucifixion. PINHEAD's cold laughter echoes through the basement.

PINHEAD

Keep telling yourself that. It
will season your suffering.

FEAVER

But I brought you back!!

PINHEAD smiles, even inclines his head in mock-acknowledgment.

PINHEAD

You gave me Genesis, Father. Now
I give you Revelation!

The chains tighten again and, as he is pulled back at speed into the darkness behind him, FEAVER screams a final scream of betrayal and terrified despair.

The end of his cry becomes a treated, echoed scream which transforms into a different sound as we DISSOLVE TO

38 INT BEDROOM, NATHAN'S HOUSE NIGHT

The sound resolves itself into the orgasmic cry of MARIETTA as she and GREG climax their lovemaking. They are in bed together in a guest room in NATHAN's house.

The blinds are open and the moonlight bathes the lovers in a blue light not completely dissimilar to the blue phosphorescence of the Feaver house basement.

GREG and MARIETTA cling tightly to each other, their bodies shuddering. As MARIETTA's cry dies away, GREG covers her mouth with his own and the kiss bridges their movement from vigorous passion to loving calm. They stroke each other's bodies gently until finally they roll apart and lie side by side, MARIETTA's head resting in the crook of GREG's arm.

For a moment they say nothing, sharing and savouring the warmth of the silence they have built together.

MARIETTA's eyes roll to the open window and she looks out into the night, her expression distant. Tears glisten in her eyes and she begins to sob gently.

GREG props himself up and leans over her, wiping her eyes gently with his fingers. His voice is as delicate as his touch.

GREG

Marietta. It's alright now.
It's alright.

MARIETTA looks up at him and smiles. But it is not the smile of the reassured, rather one of loving regret, almost of farewell.

MARIETTA

No, Greg. You still don't understand.
It's alright now. But it's not all right.

GREG

But it will be, I promise.

MARIETTA reaches up and caresses his cheek.

MARIETTA

Greg, you mustn't make promises you can't keep. And no-one can keep THAT promise. The world isn't like that.

GREG smiles at her.

GREG

You're too beautiful to be a cynic.

MARIETTA shakes her head slightly.

MARIETTA

It's not cynicism, Greg. It's knowledge.
The world is sweet moments and emptiness.
Cherish the one. Endure the other.

GREG presses his finger to her lips, shushing her. He begins stroking her face, sensuality creeping back in amongst the care and concern.

GREG

Or prolong the sweet moments ...

He lowers his hand to her shoulders and the swell of her breasts and continues stroking. He lowers his face to the side of her neck and places small kisses there. MARIETTA arches her neck slightly, accepting the pleasure it gives her but her eyes are fixed on the open window and the night.

MARIETTA

As much as we can. But this is our last ...

GREG suddenly jerks himself semi-upright again, a stiff arm supporting him on either side of MARIETTA's shoulders. His body is taut, his face angry, and his voice decisive.

GREG

No! That's enough of that fatalistic crap! Here's another promise for you - that house is going to be splinter and ash and I'm going to spit on its smoking embers.

MARIETTA puts her arms up around GREG's neck and pulls him back down to her. They kiss and GREG moves his face down from her mouth to her throat.

MARIETTA presses her hands on the back of GREG's head, her body responding to his renewed passion. But her eyes turn again to the open window.

FADE TO BLACK

39 INT NATHAN'S SITTING ROOM DAY

The screen is BLACK. A hand moves into view as if seen from above and places a mug of steaming coffee onto the blackness.

NATHAN (o-c)

Jesus ...

The camera tilts back to see GREG walking across NATHAN's sitting room. We TRACK backwards to take in more of the room. NATHAN has just placed a coffee on his black coffee table and is sitting in an easy chair next to it.

NATHAN's room is large and expensively decorated. It seems almost as out of place in Hobbsville as the Feather House lounge. There are Art Deco figurines on display on many of the available surfaces, which give a slight unusual edge to the atmosphere. (Nathan's room will be a refuge and a base of operations for our characters. Making the room a little odd will help stop the audience feeling too safe every time we go back there, which is why we will fill it with exquisitely modelled figurines - which of course have a visual similarity to some of LeMarchand's toys.)

There are also large framed photographs taken by NATHAN. Stylish and echoing the Deco obsession, they are portraits of painted and pierced men and women, like a cross between Erte and Mapplethorpe. One of them is a poster for an exhibition with the title SCULPTING THE FLESH: THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF NATHAN SMITH.

GREG, who also has a mug of coffee in his hand, reaches another chair on the other side of the table and sits down.

GREG

No. I don't think He's got anything to do with it.

NATHAN reaches forward, takes his coffee and leans back.

NATHAN

You're sure Duffy didn't slip something in your drink? Little welcome home present?

GREG shakes his head slowly.

GREG

If I wasn't the jealous kind, I'd say go look at Marietta's back. She's still got the marks where those ...

NATHAN

How is she?

GREG shrugs, his face uncertain and troubled.

GREG

Okay, I GUESS. But ... well, I don't know, Nathan. There's something different about her. Something .. odd. Maybe it's just what she's gone through. She's sleeping, which can only be good.

GREG pauses, looks around the room, and takes a sip of his coffee. Then he looks at his friend. His tone is casual but his eyes imply the seriousness of the question.

GREG

Listen, you gonna be around today? Keep an eye on her, stuff like that?

NATHAN nods reassuringly.

NATHAN

Sure, sure. But ... I mean, what the hell are you going to DO?

GREG

I'm not sure. But I start by seeing Leo - if Lucy's right, my guess is he's already ahead of me on this.

NATHAN nods, stands up, coffee in hand, and heads for his kitchen.

NATHAN

You know where the car is. I'm going to eat. You want anything?

GREG shakes his head.

GREG
Maybe later.

NATHAN pauses by his kitchen door.

NATHAN
Hey.

GREG looks across the room to him.

NATHAN
Don't you think I'm taking all this
rather well?

GREG gives a wry chuckle. He nods.

NATHAN
Yeah. Well, I can't guarantee the same
equanimity if I have to SEE any of this
shit but .. I'm there for you, buddy. Okay?

GREG blinks at his friend, touched. He smiles in gratitude.

GREG
Thanks.

NATHAN grins.

NATHAN
Face it, I'm a sweetheart.
Stupid, but a sweetheart.

He disappears through the door to his kitchen.

GREG takes a final sip of his coffee, glances round the room at
his friend's environment, and then heads for the front door.

40 INT BASEMENT DAY

PINHEAD and the DOORMAN stand in the basement, PINHEAD staring at
the vat.

PINHEAD
Feaver did well to have the collection
brought to town. It allowed us access
to the toymaker's ingenuity. But I
understand this Emerson is a little too
curious ...

He turns to face the DOORMAN.

PINHEAD
A wonderful thing, human curiosity.
Wonderfully fatal.

PINHEAD raises an eyebrow. The DOORMAN nods in understanding.

41 INT EMERSON'S OFFICE/ARCHIVE ROOM DAY

LEO EMERSON sits at the desk in his college office. The office, basically an ante-room to the college archive which we will see in a moment, is small and sparsely decorated. The built-in bookshelves are full to overflow and have been augmented by ugly but efficient metal rack-shelving more suitable for a garage or workshop, and these too are crammed with books, magazines, and papers, as is the surface of the desk. It is the room of a man in love with learning who cares little for tidiness or appearance.

This attitude is reflected in LEO's personal appearance. We can assume he follows Einstein's line on clothes; own several identical outfits and so never waste time on choosing what to wear. In LEO's case this means white shirt, black tie, black trousers, and battered tweed jacket.

The only concession to a normal life is a bunch of white roses, still wrapped in the paper from the florists and lying on the desk. We may assume these are to be taken home to LUCY later.

LEO has in his hand a small dictation-machine and, as the scene begins, he releases a catch on it and talks into it.

LEO

Continuing I think I am very
close to understanding. I was right.
Something is going on. Something terrible.

The camera, as if LEO's line was its cue, begins to TRACK through the small office to the open door that connects to the Archive Room. There is a panel on the open door reading "The Lemarchand Bequest". LEO's voice continues over as the TRACK explores.

LEO (o-c)

The two events are connected. About
the time the Feather House opened,
the college got a bequest ...

The Archive Room is like a small museum. It is long and wide and full of glass display cases. The Camera moves among the aisles between these cases, examining their contents.

LEO (o-c)

... the Lemarchand Collection.
He was a toymaker, extraordinarily
talented ...

The cases are full of wonderfully-wrought automata such as we saw in the title sequence, mechanical toys like singing birds, monkey musicians, somersaulting acrobats, all frozen in position. In the first case there is also a reproduction portrait of the young

LEMARCHAND in his eighteenth-century finery.

LEO (o-c)

... but his talent didn't stop with toys. He was a member of the Hellfire club - decadent aristocrats. He kept them amused also.

In a different glass case are equally elaborate but more adult pleasures; hookah-like pipe systems with delicate mechanisms to adjust the balance of drug and water, ornately carved and decorated dildoes with key-operated moving parts, well-wrought but cruel-looking restraint devices. Also in this case is the model Church from the Title sequence, closed and sealed.

LEO (o-c)

But he went further, still.

The TRACK reaches another glass case.

LEO (o-c)

Lemarchand's final creations were puzzles. Puzzles he left the world to solve. Elaborate enigmas with solutions people only whisper about ...

The case contains several odd-looking pieces. One of them is a LAMENT CONFIGURATION and alongside it are objects that bear some visual relation to it; puzzle-spheres, long slim boxes with holes to tempt inquisitive fingers, inter-connected silver chains, and three small pieces grouped together - clearly intended to interconnect to form a larger unit.

LEO (o-c)

... the stuff of legend.

Suddenly, a black-gloved hand moves into shot. It holds a key which it inserts into the lock in the glass door of the case.

CUT BACK TO OUTER OFFICE

There is an audible click from the direction of the Archive Room. LEO moves the machine away from his mouth sharply and looks toward the open door.

LEO (brusque)

Who's there?

There is no further sound but LEO's suspicions have been aroused enough. He lays the machine down, stands up from behind his desk, and walks toward the open door.

The camera moves with him and, as he passes through the door and into the Archive Room, we CUT TO LEO'S P.O.V.

The camera scans the whole room slowly and then approaches the glass case containing the puzzles at LEO's slow, careful speed. This scene is very tense - even though LEO doesn't know someone is in there, the audience does and, trapped in LEO's POV, it is waiting for someone to jump out. But no-one does. The POV reaches the case. Its door is swung wide.

The pieces are all still present but there is one significant difference; the three separate pieces have been placed together. All the various internal interlocks, when seen separately, disguised the simplicity of the finished piece. It is a simple, elegant diamond shape - reminiscent of LEVIATHAN in HELLEBOUND.

CUT TO LEO's face, nervousness now replaced with puzzlement.

The diamond rests on its glass shelf in front of LEO, its new completeness a tempting mystery. LEO approaches closer and slowly reaches out his hands to the diamond. His hands cup it carefully and lift it from the case. The scene is still tense, the audience still waiting for something to happen.

Staring at it more carefully now, LEO notices that the smoothness of one of its faces is disturbed by two long shallow indentations - which seem designed to accomodate two resting human thumbs.

Tentatively, LEO places his thumbs within the indentations. Nothing happens. He relaxes and increases the pressure slightly.

A whooshing noise is heard, like tiny shutters closing very fast.

LEO cries in pain and shock and the diamond falls from his hand back onto the glass shelf. The diamond's surface is now completely smooth except for two or three tiny crimson droplets which seem to stem from an all-but invisible join where the indentations were.

LEO holds his hands palm up and stares in shock. Two small and matching crescent-like slivers have been sliced from his thumbs. A tiny amount of blood trickles from them. LEO shakes his hands with the pain. The diamond gives a small click as if the little taste of flesh and blood has started a process within it.

LEO throws his head up to look at the diamond and we CUT BACK TO POV as a chain suddenly flies out from the centre of its face and the vicious little hook at the end of it heads straight for us.

CUT BACK TO OUTER OFFICE

In CLOSE UP, the black-gloved hand picks up the phone on LEO's desk, disturbing the cluttered desk and knocking the white roses to the floor. Camera TRACKS to WIDE to reveal it is the DOORMAN. Now that we see him in the normal light of LEO's office, there is something odd about his face - the skin is taut, pale, and lifeless.

He punches out a number and, his face almost impassive but with just a hint of malicious humour in his eyes, waits for it to be answered. Then he speaks, his voice flat and cold.

DOORMAN
Come and collect your husband.
He's going to pieces.

THE DOORMAN puts the phone down as we hear dimly from the archive room the distressing sound of rhythmic slicing.

42 INT BEDROOM, NATHAN'S HOUSE DAY

ANGLE ON the door as a knock and NATHAN's voice are heard OFF.

NATHAN (o-c)
Marietta? Coffee ...

There is no response.

43 INT NATHAN'S LANDING/BEDROOM DOOR DAY

NATHAN is by the door, coffee in one hand, the other in mid-air after knocking. He looks puzzled by the silence and, after a beat, speaks again, his tone jokey and friendly.

NATHAN (o-c)
Okay, I'm coming in. Now, don't be
scared for me - despite the stories,
I HAVE seen naked girls before.

He pushes the bedroom door open.

44 INT NATHAN'S BEDROOM DAY

A circular TRACK round the room from the doorway reveals an empty bed, an empty room, an open window, and an astonished NATHAN.

NATHAN
Fuck.

45 INT EMERSON'S OFFICE/ARCHIVE ROOM DAY

LEO's office is as we last saw it except the DOORMAN has gone and the desk is considerably less crowded with papers than it was before. One or two books have gone from the shelves, as well.

The main door to LEO's office opens and GREG walks in, his eyes scanning the empty room. He notices the roses on the floor and his brow furrows. Slowly, he picks them up and places them on the desk, still looking round, his manner now cautious.

GREG

Leo?

Getting no reply, GREG walks further into the office. He keeps looking around him until his eyes are inevitably drawn to the open door to the Archive Room.

GREG steps toward the door, calling LEO's name one last time before going in.

GREG

Leo?

GREG walks into the Archive Room, closing the door behind him. He now follows the same route through and amongst the glass cases that the camera TRACKED through earlier. It is a less interesting walk, however; all the cases seem empty.

GREG walks up the first aisle, where the mechanical toys had been, casting cursory glances into the empty glass cases and at their bare wooden backing. Everything is very still and very silent, the sound of GREG's footsteps seeming unusually loud by contrast.

GREG reaches the end of the first aisle and pauses, listening carefully before he turns and begins to walk up the second aisle. This too has been stripped of the Hellfire club mementoes it had contained. GREG glances from side to side as he walks up, the very emptiness of the cases seeming suspicious to him.

As he reaches the top of the second aisle and again pauses before turning into the third, a small sound begins to intrude on the silence. GREG freezes and cocks his ear. It is a rhythmic, liquid dripping noise. GREG takes a breath and turns swiftly into the next aisle, where he again stands still.

The dripping sound seems to come from the furthest glass case. GREG leans his body slightly in an attempt to see without having to actually go down, but the angle is wrong and he resumes his careful walk down, still looking from side to side.

His final glance throws him into a backward jump, shock and horrified pain on his face.

GREG

NOOOOOO!

Inside the case which had held the diamond is an entirely new display. Mounted on chrome display stands like any museum exhibit are various pieces of LEO; a hand, a foot, a single finger, and, like a flesh-and-blood sculptor's bust, his head and shoulders.

LEO's dead mouth, like his dead eyes, is open in a frozen scream of terminal terror and what is left of his blood runs down the

stand, across the base of the cabinet, to escape through the edges of the glass and drip onto the floor.

GREG, face frozen in a rictus of loss and horror, is breathing shallowly and rapidly.

GREG
Leo! No! No!

Stepping forward, pressing his hands to the glass separating him from these gory exhibits, GREG leans forward to rest his forehead against the glass. Shoulders shaking, he sobs his farewell.

GREG
Oh, Leo ... Jesus Christ, I ...

Suddenly, a hand moves into shot and touches GREG's shoulder.

As if shocked, GREG swings round violently, his expression a mix of fright and furious rage, as if he is equally ready to scream in terror or to leap at the throat of LEO's mutilator.

It's LUCY, her red-rimmed eyes the only colour in the white face she wears. With the deadpan of profound trauma she stares at GREG without a word, almost as if she is looking straight through him.

46 INT BASEMENT DAY

PINHEAD stands a little way from the vat. The DOORMAN stands right by it. At his feet is a large suitcase.

PINHEAD nods and the DOORMAN bends to open the case. He brings out a large black plastic bag, which seems full of something loose, bulky, and wet. Lifting the bag above the lip of the vat, he smiles and tips it forward. Its contents begin to slide out.

A mass of offal falls from the bag onto the surface of the vat. Because of the thick, viscous nature of the fluid, the offal sits shining and steaming on top of it rather than sinking immediately. The DOORMAN plunges a black gloved hand into the pool beside the viscera, breaking the filmy surface, and slowly the innards sink.

PINHEAD walks nearer to the vat to watch this. Then he turns to the DOORMAN again. He nods at the suitcase.

PINHEAD
The toys you can take to the Church.
Remind him what his hands used to be
capable of.

The DOORMAN, with suitcase, moves to the wooden steps.

PINHEAD
The boy you mentioned. It may

be an irritant. Squash it.

The DOORMAN nods, but PINHEAD is already looking at the vat again. His smile is anticipatory and infinitely cruel.

47 INT NATHAN'S SITTING ROOM DAY

GREG ushers LUCY through NATHAN's front door. NATHAN rises from his chair and rushes over to them immediately.

NATHAN
She's gone. The window ... I ...

GREG's face twitches for a second at this news but then he remembers LUCY's more severe loss.

GREG
Okay. I know where she'll go. ...
Leo's dead, Nathan. Whatever bastard's
behind all this had him killed.

He places an arm round LUCY's shoulders and moves her gently toward NATHAN. She is clutching a bulging folder and the bundle of white roses. GREG goes to take the folder from her.

Still in shock, all LUCY's movements are slow and painful. Her eyes fix on GREG's hand on the folder. She makes a small noise of protest, as if these pathetic few papers and the roses are all she has left to cling to of her dead husband. She raises her eyes to look at GREG's face. She nods slowly, absent-mindedly, and allows him to remove the folder from her grasp. GREG squeezes her shoulder and makes a small expression of sympathy with his face. Then he turns away slightly and hands the folder to NATHAN.

GREG
Leo had these at the house. The stuff
at the college was stolen. Look at them.
Try and make sense of it.

GREG pauses a second, as if something has occurred to him.

GREG
Call Holly. She's been campaigning
to have that place closed down. Maybe
she learnt something, I don't know. Try.

He turns back to LUCY and pulls her to him in a warm, sympathetic embrace then pulls back slightly and looks into her eyes.

GREG
Lucy, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't
scared by all this. I am. Damn scared.
But I'm angry too and I'm going to try
to finish this for Leo. They won't get

away with it.

LUCY looks up at GREG. She sighs, closes her eyes, and pulls him close again. It is as if she is summoning up the energy of anger to displace the paralysis of grief. She leans back again and stares at GREG, a renewed fierceness in her eyes.

LUCY

Hurt them, Greg. I want you to hurt them.

For a second, her eyes flame with this uncharacteristic rage for revenge but the fire is doused as the tears return and her eyes soften again into grief as she lays her head on GREG's shoulder.

48 EXT HOBBSVILLE STREET DAY

The sun shines on a semi-salubrious street in Hobbsville. The houses, all set back from the road, boast medium-sized sloping lawns. Most are semi-detached but a few stand proudly alone.

HOLLY walks along the street, moral rearmament leaflets under her arm. She is placing one in each mailbox. Her expression is serious, almost severe, but occasionally she cannot resist lifting her face to the warmth of the sun and letting a small smile of sheer animal pleasure light her features. She would defend this small sensual indulgence by saying that the sun is God's gift and that to enjoy it is reverence, not hedonism.

HOLLY makes one more delivery. As she steps down onto the street, the sound of a car pulling over makes her look to the road.

GREG pulls NATHAN's car up beside her and winds down the window.

HOLLY leans forward after first casting demure glances up and down the street; she can think of certain associations for this scene - an attractive young woman bending to talk to a kerbside driver - that she's not quite at ease with. But when she sees it is GREG, a smile of pleased surprise lights her face.

HOLLY

Greg! I wasn't sure I'd see
you again this trip. Did ...

HOLLY breaks off, her smile giving way to a look of confusion and worry as she registers the grim, drawn look of GREG's face.

HOLLY

What's happened?

GREG hesitates, then decides to waste no time on details.

GREG

You were right. The Feaver house. You
said it was evil and you were exactly right.

He throws a quick glance at what she is carrying.

GREG

But leaflets aren't going to help.

Though still confused, HOLLY sets her face firmly and speaks, her tone determined. Her question is not rhetorical but practical.

HOLLY

Then what will it take?

GREG sighs, looks away down the street, then stares directly into her eyes again and speaks with a flat conviction.

GREG

Everything we have.

He reaches over and opens the passenger door.

GREG

Get in. Please.

HOLLY straightens up again for a moment, takes one last look up and down the street, and then does as he asks. As she climbs into the passenger seat, her attractive but primly knee-length skirt slides up her leg a little. HOLLY brushes it back down quickly and gives a tiny embarrassed smile at GREG.

GREG smiles wryly and starts up the engine again.

GREG

You shouldn't worry so much.
Life is sweet moments.

For a second, HOLLY's guard is back up and her tone almost as cold as when she spoke to DUFFY and ROTHENBURG.

HOLLY

That's the kind of thing I'd expect
to hear at the Feaver house.

GREG nods and gives a single hollow laugh.

GREG

Yeah. One of their people told it me.

The car moves away from outside the house.

OPTICAL WIPE TO

49 EXT MAIN STREET DAY

GREG drives NATHAN's car on Main street toward the Church. He is headed to the Feaver House, sure that's where MARIETTA is heading.

50 INT NATHAN'S CAR DAY

HOLLY shakes her head in shock while GREG scans the sidewalks.

HOLLY

I just never realised ... I ...
I knew something was wrong but ...

HOLLY lifts her head and suddenly throws her arm out, pointing.

HOLLY

There!

51 EXT MAIN STREET DAY

MARIETTA walks by the church. GREG speeds up as she turns down a connecting street.

52 EXT SIDE-STREET FROM T-JUNCTION DAY

The camera looks along another side street into the one MARIETTA has just turned into. The streets cross at right-angles. The street the camera looks along is narrow and any traffic in it is effectively masked from the other street's view by the tall buildings on each corner of the junction.

MARIETTA moves into view walking down the wider street that the camera looks into. As she does so, a large black car slides slowly and silently down the street the camera looks along and waits a few yards from the junction, its motor still running.

53 INT BLACK CAR DAY

The black car's driver adjusts the rear-view mirror. His arm blocks his face. When he lowers it we see that it is the DOORMAN. He stares impassively out at the street ahead. His cheek twitches once.

54 EXT SIDE-STREET DAY

GREG drives down the side street towards MARIETTA. HOLLY leans from the passenger window and calls to the girl.

HOLLY

Marietta, wait!

CLOSE UP of MARIETTA. She stops then turns toward the camera.

She recognises NATHAN's car and her face clouds. She shakes her head and makes to turn away again but, as she does so, something else catches her eye and she stops, her eyes widening.

55 EXT SIDE STREET DAY (REVERSE ANGLE/MARIETTA'S F.O.V.)

POV: the first few feet of the waiting black car are visible.

CUT TO A CLOSE UP of MARIETTA, whose brow furrows as her eyes flick from the T-junction to the car GREG is driving and back again. Suddenly, her mouth opens wide in a scream of warning.

MARIETTA
NOOOOOOO!!

CUT TO WIDE, as MARIETTA begins running back up the street towards GREG and HOLLY in the car, waving her arms.

56 EXT SIDE STREET FROM T-JUNCTION DAY

The black car lunges forward as NATHAN's car speeds into view.

MARIETTA comes into frame, running screaming at the black car. The DOORMAN, startled, grabs at the wheel furiously and swerves to avoid hitting one of the House's star attractions.

57 EXT SIDE STREET DAY

Its aim thrown by the sudden swerve, the black car smashes into the rear end of NATHAN's car instead of straight into the driver's door as it had intended. The impact sends the black car into a careering spin ended only by a vicious smash into a brick wall.

NATHAN's car, meantime, knocked out of true by the smash, veers directly at MARIETTA, who froze in position as the black car swerved. GREG can do nothing, the wheel of NATHAN's car spinning wild and out of control beneath his hands.

In rapid succession, we see three faces in CLOSE UP:

GREG - mouth contorted in effort, eyes wide in horror.

HOLLY - arms over her screaming face to blot out the inevitable.

MARIETTA - turning into shot with horrified realisation on her face. She turns away again, eyes closing for the impact.

The car slams into MARIETTA and she is sent flying through the air. She smashes into a brick wall and tumbles downward to land on the hood of NATHAN's car which has kept speeding forward until the same brick wall stopped it.

MARIETTA's head lands with a sickening thud against the windscreen and her dead eyes stare in at GREG and HOLLY.

HOLLY throws her hands over her face again.

HOLLY
No. No. No. No.

GREG doesn't wait for reaction to set in. He throws himself out of the car and stares, horror-struck, at the dead girl.

MARIETTA is sprawled across the hood of the car, her head at a cruelly unnatural angle to her shoulders - one of which seems completely dislocated, the arm hanging loose below it. Her eyes are wide and unseeing and she lies completely still. Although there is no blood anywhere, it is quite clear she is dead.

HOLLY too has climbed out of the car and walked round to GREG to lean against him, sobbing. GREG, almost absent-mindedly, puts an arm around her shoulders but his eyes don't leave MARIETTA.

GREG
Holly, you have to ...

HOLLY looks away from him to MARIETTA.

HOLLY (quietly)
No blood.

As HOLLY speaks, as if on cue, MARIETTA lifts herself upright in a disturbingly smooth motion, her eyes still wide and staring.

HOLLY screams in horror and disbelief.

MARIETTA's hands rise impossibly to her head. With a sickening twist she clicks it back into position, doing the same for her dislocated arm.

GREG and HOLLY both take an involuntary step backwards.

MARIETTA's eyes focus on GREG and HOLLY and she shrinks back on the car hood as if ashamed. Then she speaks.

MARIETTA
I tried to tell you, Greg. I
wanted to. I couldn't.

GREG is beyond words. He stares at the dead girl - the dead girl he made love to - and his face is a frozen mask of horror.

MARIETTA
We all start out as customers. The
lucky ones just die. I wasn't lucky.

Suddenly, a hand grabs at GREG and he finds himself staring into the dead and angry face of the DOORMAN. HOLLY screams.

DOORMAN
That makes you lucky and the
cunt not.

The DOORMAN punches GREG, sending him flying to the ground, and then turns to HOLLY. His dead eyes flick over her, imagining her in service at the Feather House.

DOORMAN
You'll look good in leather, bitch.

GREG rises to his feet. His shock replaced by fury, he snarls at the DOORMAN.

GREG
Fuck you.

GREG runs at the larger man and, dropping into a semi-crouch leaning away from the DOORMAN, launches a martial arts kick which lands square in the centre of the other's stomach and knocks him backwards and off his feet toward the wrecked black car.

The DOORMAN lands awkwardly half-in and half-out of the car. He begins to pull himself to his feet almost immediately, though his feet slip in the petrol that is escaping the ruptured tank.

GREG rushes forward and then stops as he sees the petrol. He takes a step back, digs in his pocket, and brings out a book of matches.

HOLLY (o-c)
Oh God, Greg, you can't!

Without hesitation, he strikes one match, puts it to the heads of all the others, and then flings the flaring missile at the pool of petrol.

DOORMAN
No!

GREG rushes back towards NATHAN's car as the black car explodes into a ball of flame, the noise of its roar almost drowning the agonised screams of the DOORMAN and the horrified scream of HOLLY.

MARIETTA has lifted herself off the hood and stands on the opposite side of NATHAN's car to GREG and HOLLY.

GREG looks at the distraught HOLLY.

GREG
I just don't think prayer
would have done any good.

GREG's voice is ALMOST cocky, ALMOST Clint Eastwood - just enough to justify what happens next; HOLLY raises her eyes to his slowly and holds his gaze for a beat. Then she slaps him across the face just as hard as she can.

GREG's head is knocked sideways by the force of the blow and he turns back to look at HOLLY with shock on his face. They stare at each other for a second, wide-eyed.

As if the blow has knocked any protective overlay of behaviour out of both of them, GREG and HOLLY suddenly grab at each other, clinging tight and trembling. It is not passion that prompts this but a vulnerable human response to the preternatural insanity they suddenly realise they are living in. They are pressing themselves against each other's humanity, not each other's flesh.

As the camera simultaneously TRACKS back from them and begins to FADE TO BLACK, we see MARIETTA backing away from them, an expression of irrevocable loss on her face. She knows she belongs elsewhere. For a moment, GREG raises his head and their eyes meet. He says nothing, his face cold, and then, as if consciously choosing the life and warmth of HOLLY against the dark mystery of the beautiful zombie, he lowers his face again. MARIETTA reaches the corner of the street and turns down it.

FADE TO BLACK

53 INT NATHAN'S SITTING ROOM DAY

NATHAN, HOLLY, and LUCY are sitting down. GREG is pacing the floor. The various papers from LEO's home, the photographs, the book about LEMARCHAND, are spread out on the floor.

HOLLY still looks distraught from what she has seen. She is addressing NATHAN and LUCY.

HOLLY

It was terrible. Just terrible. I ...
Oh, God. Marietta. Poor Marietta ...

HOLLY is on the verge of breaking down when GREG cuts in.

GREG

Look! Something awful is going on.
Something dreadful and evil. I know
that. But ... Jesus, we just can't
take time out for grief or fear. We've
got to understand it. We've got to stop it.

NATHAN and LUCY turn their eyes to GREG. So too does HOLLY after she has swallowed and blinked, forcing her distress back inside her. She nods at GREG.

NATHAN

But why is it happening HERE?
What's special about Hobbsville?

GREG stops pacing and looks at NATHAN.

GREG

That's what's so terrible. I think
it's the luck of the draw. I think
it could happen ANYWHERE.

NATHAN

But what IS happening?

GREG

Fuck knows. But it's centred round the
Feaver House. And there's this toy
collection. Leo obviously thought
there was a connection ...

GREG gestures at the pile of documents on the floor, specifically
the DEVIL'S TOYMAKER book. LUCY, still clearly in a state of
shock, nods vaguely at this comment.

GREG

I don't understand it yet ... but
that bequest ... if there's a reason
Hobbsville was chosen, I think that's it.

NATHAN

Chosen for what?

HOLLY

To do the Devil's work.

LUCY

But why so elaborate? Why the house?

HOLLY

Because it has to be a choice,
an exercise of free will ...

HOLLY smiles almost self-mockingly.

HOLLY

... we cranks call it Temptation.

GREG

Holly's right. That's what's going on.
But it's the SCALE of the thing ...
that's what's terrifying ... that house ...
it has to have a specific function.

HOLLY

But what?

GREG

I don't know yet. That's why I'm going back.

NATHAN

No, you're going back because

you're completely fucking insane.

GREG stands still and spreads his hands in a questioning gesture.

GREG

So what do we do? Sit here and talk while Hobbsville gets eaten? Seminars are okay for college, Nathan, but us graduates have to do the field-work.

NATHAN nods slowly and then adopts a falsely-cheerful tone.

NATHAN

Fine. You talked me into it. Let's go.

NATHAN rises to his feet, rubbing his hands in the jokey mock-eagerness that masks nervous apprehension.

GREG

No. It's not fair.

NATHAN

Neither is a bird's ass! Jesus! I suppose sending a wreath is fairer?!

HOLLY

Greg, you can't go alone ...

LUCY

What about the police?

GREG

Brennan? I don't know. He's okay for shaking down Duffy or locking up drunks, but ...

NATHAN

But he does have a gun.

NATHAN pauses and then gets a slight personal dig in.

NATHAN

And a car.

OPTICAL WIPE TO

59 EXT FEATHER HOUSE DAY

A Police car pulls into the parking space outside the Feather House. GREG gets out of the car along with BRENNAN and GENTRY.

The three men walk up the drive towards the front door of the house. BRENNAN slows his pace halfway up the drive and looks ostentatiously around him - he thinks it's something policemen do - which allows GREG to overtake him temporarily, something

BRENNAN soon puts right, taking hold of GREG's arm and moving in front. GENTRY walks behind them, aping BRENNAN's sweeping glance.

The house looks disarmingly normal in the sunlight, which draws an elaborate pantomime from BRENNAN as they reach the front door - looking up at the house, across at GREG, back to the house again, then focussing on empty space and shaking his head from side to side as an amused grin forms slowly on his face. When the grin is complete - a dismissively amused, contemptuous one - he gives GREG the full benefit of it for several seconds, hoping to elicit embarrassment.

Instead, GREG is simply impatient and bored.

GREG

Just open the door, huh?

BRENNAN's grin disappears as if slapped off his face.

BRENNAN

Well now, I don't know how they do things in LOS ANGELES, mister, but round here we still give people the chance to open their own goddam doors.

Having reminded the city-slicker about small-town politeness, BRENNAN hammers on the door violently with his fist.

BRENNAN

POLICE!! OPEN UP!!

BRENNAN turns back to GREG. He speaks without a trace of irony.

BRENNAN

It's called manners, son.

GENTRY nods wisely, in support of his sherriff. GREG says nothing but turns to the door. Nobody opens it. Nothing happens.

GREG

And when manners don't work ... ?

BRENNAN throws a sarcastic smile at GREG.

BRENNAN

What do you think? Brute force?

BRENNAN shakes his head in answer to his own question. He tries the door. It opens easily. BRENNAN turns back to GREG.

BRENNAN

Happy?

GREG

No. Scared.

GREG stares in through the open door. The large downstairs room is empty and quiet like any night-time place during daylight.

BRENNAN
No need to be. Gantry - what
are we paid to do?

GANTRY
To protect and serve, Sherriff.

BRENNAN
Damn right. Let's go.

The three men enter the house.

60 INT GROUND FLOOR, FEAVER HOUSE DAY

BRENNAN leads the way across the floor. When they reach the centre of the room, BRENNAN stands still and calls out again.

BRENNAN
POLICE!! ANYBODY HERE?!!

GREG nods slightly and smiles - half polite, half impatient.

GREG
Manners.

BRENNAN looks at him sharply.

BRENNAN
That's right.

GREG
Let's go upstairs.

BRENNAN raises a warning hand.

BRENNAN
Just wait a minute.

BRENNAN looks slowly and theatrically around one more time.

BRENNAN
Let's go upstairs.

He turns abruptly and heads towards the stairs at the rear of the room, GANTRY and GREG following, GREG shaking his head.

61 INT MARIETTA'S ROOM DAY

The door to the room opens and BRENNAN leads the way in. The room is as bare of furnishings as when last GREG saw it, but now it is

bare of people also. The curtains that revealed MARIETTA are open but there is only bare wall behind them.

BRENNAN walks to the centre of the room and again scans its emptiness with amused eyes. GENTRY, taking his cue from BRENNAN, is pretending to try and hide a smile.

GREG too is looking round the room but, unlike the others, there is an edge of nervous tension to his search. The unhidden laughing disbelief of the two cops doesn't bother him in the slightest, he is tense because he doesn't trust the place despite the quiet, despite the emptiness, despite the sunlight.

BRENNAN (flatly)
Tentacles. ... Dead whores. ...

BRENNAN pauses, catches his deputy's eye. GENTRY watches eagerly as the sherriff does this number. BRENNAN turns back to look at GREG and then, forcing a tone of polite enquiry, he continues.

BRENNAN
Just what is it you DO in L.A.,
Mister Saltzgaber? Write Comic books?

GENTRY lets out a braying laugh. BRENNAN's grin grows wider. Having had his fun, he grows brusque, business-like, eager to have this fool's errand over and done with as soon as possible.

BRENNAN
But let's be thorough. Come on.

He walks swiftly to the connecting door and throws it open.

GREG
Careful!

BRENNAN stands exactly in the centre of the doorway, looking back at GREG who stares nervously at the door.

BRENNAN
Sure.

A second passes. Nothing happens. BRENNAN turns and walks to the centre of the connecting room - equally bare, equally empty.

GENTRY trots obediently after BRENNAN. He can't resist repeating his sherriff's little act of defiance. He also stands and turns in the centre of the doorway and smiles knowingly at GREG.

GENTRY
Sure.

A metal surface slams down between the rooms with heart-stopping speed and suddenness.

GANTRY appears to stay standing. There isn't even surprise on his face. It looks as if the metal is a perfect fit around him, as if for some absurd reason he is wearing it.

62 INT DERELICT CHURCH DAY

In CLOSE UP, the derelict's hands hold the box/house. The shot just catches the tail end of a movement of the hands.

63 INT MARIETTA'S ROOM DAY

Before GREG's horrified gaze, the perfectly bisected half-GANTRY falls away from the door, tipping forward and then buckling under its own unsupported weight, to land in a heap on the floor.

GREG

Fuck!

GREG hears BRENNAN shout from the other side of the door.

BRENNAN (o-c)

GANTRY! JESUS CHRIST!!

There is plainly nothing GREG can do for the steaming half-corpse that used to be GANTRY so he rushes for the main door of the room. He throws it open and dives through the doorway before he has time to think about it.

64 INT FEAVER HOUSE LANDING DAY

GREG emerges into the corridor and heads for the main door to the room BRENNAN is in. He throws it open.

65 INT DERELICT CHURCH DAY

From a very low angle, the camera TRACKS quickly through the Church towards the DERELICT, whose hands make a sharp movement.

The shot is as brief as usual but the TRACK allows us to see that the DERELICT is now surrounded by the toys and gadgets taken from the Archive Room.

66 INT ADJOINING ROOM DAY (GREG'S P.O.V.)

The camera looks into the room from GREG's P.O.V. at the door, initially taking in the doorframe in the corridor and then TRACKING in slightly. It is a dizzying and confusing spectacle that it sees. The room has been turned through ninety degrees.

The door that BRENNAN is pulling frantically open as the shot

begins is, from GREG's perspective, on the floor while the other half of GANTRY's corpse is seemingly glued to the metal door in the ceiling.

GREG cries out a warning.

GREG
Brennan! No!

BRENNAN was already opening the door and, though he looks round at the sound of GREG's voice and a fleeting expression of scared confusion crosses his face, the door opens even as he does so and BRENNAN falls straight through, screaming, out of GREG's sight.

67 INT BASEMENT DAY

BRENNAN falls straight through the air in the basement, knocking painfully against some of the beams on his way down. He lands in the vat, the viscous surface of its contents giving like a trampoline to hold him in place rather than letting him break straight through. BRENNAN lies there flat on his back, the breath knocked out of his body, his scream cut off on landing.

BRENNAN moves his head cautiously from side to side.

68 INT ADJOINING ROOM DAY

GREG runs into the room and crosses to the door in the floor. He kneels by the side of it and looks down.

69 INT BASEMENT DAY (GREG'S P.O.V.)

Looking down from above, as from GREG's P.O.V., the camera sees BRENNAN lying on the surface of the vat's contents.

GREG(o-c)
Brennan! Can you hear me?

BRENNAN leans his head back slightly at the sound of GREG's voice to look upwards and see him.

CUT TO REVERSE ANGLE (BRENNAN'S P.O.V.)

The camera looks up to the ceiling of the basement and at the doorway in it and GREG's head and shoulders peering down.

BRENNAN's voice is frantic.

BRENNAN(o-c)
Saltzgaber! This shit's like quicksand!
Throw me something! Anything! If I move
I'll sink!

GREG moves his hands into shot, making calming gestures.

GREG
Okay! Okay! Don't panic. I'll
try and find something.

CUT TO REVERSE ANGLE

We are CLOSE UP on BRENNAN's head and shoulders looking at his
tipped back head as his eyes roll around still trying to make
sense of what has happened to him.

BRENNAN
And for fuck's sake, hurry - ...

CUT TO REVERSE ANGLE

Again, from BRENNAN's F.O.V., we see the ceiling and GREG.

BRENNAN (o-c)
... this stuff stinks!

Suddenly, GREG is cut off from BRENNAN's view as another metal
plate slides across the door.

BRENNAN
SHIIIIIIIT!!!

70 INT ADJOINING ROOM DAY

GREG jerks back in shock as the door is sealed. He wastes no time
on expletives but rushes back to the main door into the corridor.

71 INT BASEMENT DAY

BRENNAN looks around him, face creased in panic. He can't stop
himself moving a little and suddenly the fluid around his ankles
gives way, disturbed by his movement.

Once started, the process speeds up geometrically and his legs
sink rapidly below the surface. BRENNAN's voice starts low and
quiet and builds to a scream.

BRENNAN
No. No. No! NOOOOOOO!!

He thrashes about frantically, his arms swinging as he propels
himself upward and, just as his scream reaches its highest pitch,
he finds he is standing up in the vat, perfectly safe, his feet
touching the bottom of it and the fluid covering him only to
waist-height. He cuts his scream off and a sheepish expression
crosses his face. He is about half-a-second from a sigh of relief
when something else happens.

Suddenly, shockingly, PINHEAD emerges from the shadows at the far end of the basement. Tall, terrifying, monstrous, he stares at BRENNAN with an amused and cruel fascination.

BRENNAN's jaw drops open. His voice lacks its usual bluster.

BRENNAN
Suffering Christ.

PINHEAD
An appealing image. And you are ... ?

With massive relief, BRENNAN remembers he has a gun. He draws it and levels it at the monster, confidence back in his voice.

BRENNAN
I'm the Law.

He doesn't read PINHEAD his rights. He shoots him. Five times.

PINHEAD
I'm unimpressed.

PINHEAD glances down at his chest. He plucks off one of the flattened cartridges and stares at the twisted piece of metal it has become. He rams it through his earlobe and lets it hang as an earring, and continues his steady walk toward BRENNAN.

BRENNAN
You're not human!

PINHEAD
Oh. You noticed. I did HAVE a soul - once. But it escaped.

PINHEAD's tone becomes lower, almost confidential.

PINHEAD
Frankly, I'm relieved. It tempered my pleasures. And what of you, officer? Tell me - are you a family man?

BRENNAN shakes his head.

PINHEAD
Shame. Children can lighten the burden of the long years ...

PINHEAD stops moving. He is still a couple of yards from the vat.

PINHEAD
... I know mine do.

Suddenly, the fluid to either side of BRENNAN parts explosively and two CENOBIOTE CHILDREN leap upward into place beside him.

The CHILDREN are small but terrifying - miniature CENOBITES with the usual decorative disfigurements and the cruel black eyes.

BRENNAN screams and his gun flies from his hands as the CHILDREN, eager and hungry, pull him below the surface.

72 INT GROUND FLOOR, FEAVER HOUSE DAY

Behind the main staircase there is a door to the cellar stairs. GREG forces it open with his shoulder and rushes through.

73 INT BASEMENT DAY

GREG runs down the first few wooden steps and then halts. The Camera TRACKS round to take in his P.O.V.

The basement seems empty. BRENNAN is not in the vat.

GREG
Sherriff ?

GREG moves more cautiously down the steps and crosses to the vat. His eyes scan the basement as he does so, taking in the hideous pipe and the vat itself. He shakes his head in fear and disgust.

GREG reaches the vat and peers at the surface.

Suddenly, terrifyingly, something breaks the surface of the fluid. GREG leaps back, stifling a cry. It is the skeleton of BRENNAN, still in its Police jacket. As soon as it appears a horrible high pitched giggling is heard and from behind the vat the two CHILDREN rise and make their way round towards GREG.

GREG
Oh shit.

GREG backs away. His foot hits BRENNAN's gun. GREG snatches at it. As he rises with it, there is another sharp and sudden shock; he finds himself staring straight at PINHEAD who is right beside him.

GREG gasps and throws himself backward. PINHEAD and the CHILDREN move slowly, confident they have him. GREG gestures with the gun.

GREG
D'you wanna see what I can do with this?

PINHEAD smiles and flicks his bullet earring with his finger.

PINHEAD
Do you want to see how little I CARE?

GREG
You're the monster that's behind all this.

FINHEAD

And you're the creature that's interfering.

GREG looks about wildly. His eyes catch the narrow Basement window we have seen from the outside. Suddenly, he levels the gun and fires a volley of shots at the frosted glass, shattering it. Even while still firing, he has begun his run. He flies across the room, leaps onto the lip of the vat and, using it as a springboard, throws himself at the narrow exit.

The CHILDREN, still giggling insanely, throw themselves after him, leaping for the ledge even as GREG scrambles through the window, their grabbing fingers perilously close to him. One snatching hand closes on GREG's trouser leg and his forward momentum gives unwilling aid to the CHILD, who grabs at his sibling and pulls him up as well.

FINHEAD

NOOOOO!!!

FINHEAD throws his head to one side as if summoning something and a hooked chain flies from the darkness toward GREG.

74 EXT FEAVER HOUSE DAY

GREG is on the outside of the smashed window, desperately pulling himself forward on the ground. The CHILDREN's heads and arms are visible as they prepare to follow. FINHEAD's shouted warning is still heard. The chain flies out and hooks into GREG's jacket.

Suddenly, as in the upstairs rooms, a metal plate slams across the window, sealing the house, severing the chain, and beheading the CHILDREN.

GREG staggers to his feet, staring in horror as the severed heads and hands collapse on themselves, liquefying, returning to the same primal ooze as the contents of the vat until there are just three or four small puddles of vile brown jelly on the ground.

GREG shakes his head slowly. He disconnects the hook from his jacket and takes it with him as he begins to back away.

Despite GREG's shock, the atmosphere has changed completely now we are outside. From frantic action and tension we have moved to complete stillness, bright steady sunlight, an apparently normal house on an ordinary looking street, and silence.

As he catches his breath, GREG looks about him at the normality of his surroundings as if acknowledging their difference to the hideous secrets that the House conceals.

GREG walks to the Police car. He looks up and down the street to see if anybody is there to witness this theft of Police property. Then he realises the pettiness of such worries and laughs slightly at himself. He gets in the car and starts it up.

75 INT POLICE CAR DAY

GREG mimes holding a radio to his mouth as he drives off.

GREG

This is sherriff Saltzgaber.
We're gonna need a bigger boat.

He looks back over his shoulder at the Feaver House. DISSOLVE TO

76 EXT NATHAN'S HOUSE TWILIGHT

An establishing shot, showing the parked Police car on the street outside NATHAN's house and the fact that night is drawing in.

77 INT NATHAN'S SITTING ROOM TWILIGHT

GREG is once again on his feet in NATHAN's sitting room, talking with the seated NATHAN, HOLLY, and LUCY. The book he brought from the House lies on a low table next to one of NATHAN's figurines.

GREG

... so we were right. The house
had a specific purpose. It was ...
fuck, I don't know ... brewing these
things. Breeding them. Growing them.

NATHAN shakes his head, his lip curled in disgust at the implications of GREG's discovery.

NATHAN

And I have a horrible feeling the compost
it grew in used to buy drinks upstairs ...

HOLLY groans, but fights her own dismay sufficiently to give a comforting squeeze to LUCY's hand, the owner of which seems the most horrified by what GREG has reported.

GREG looks down at the floor, at the scattered papers.

GREG

It's vile. But we can't just
shudder. We're the only ones
with a clue as to what's going
on. It's up to us to fight it.

HOLLY turns her concerned gaze away from LUCY and looks at GREG.

HOLLY

I think I know what it is.

HOLLY leans forward and picks up the book from LEO's desk - THE DEVIL'S TOYMAKER. HOLLY keeps it closed but moves it back and

forth as she speaks, almost like a rhythmic, punctuating prop.

HOLLY

You said this stuff was connected.
Well ... I think ... somehow ...
It's an automaton. The whole house ...
It's an automaton. I don't know how
... but it has to be.

GREG looks down at her. He nods.

GREG

The way the rooms move ... turn
... yes. Yes. It's like some
hideous complex trap.

LUCY's voice suddenly comes from the sofa.

LUCY

Leo called it that.

Her voice is still a little weak, still a little flat but NATHAN, GREG, and HOLLY all turn their eyes to her. She doesn't look at any one of them in particular, just speaks out into the room.

LUCY

He said it was a trap. A giant trap
for human souls.

HOLLY

But how is it worked? And where from?

NATHAN

And is it over? I mean, it's made
the monsters. Is that it?

HOLLY looks up at him.

HOLLY

Nathan, I know a lot of what I believe
amuses you but as much as I know anything,
I know this; things like this don't just STOP.

GREG nods, his face grim.

GREG

It isn't over. It's probably just beginning.

78 EXT FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

The sky has darkened completely now. Lights burn from all the windows of the Feaver House. Music drifts from it on the night air. Cars are parked already and others draw up as we watch.

The music we hear continues uninterrupted over the next three scenes, linking them together as one sequence and suggesting that the three people in these scenes are on their way to the House.

79 INT ROTHENBURG'S AP'T NIGHT

ROTHENBURG sits in an attic apartment in front of an angled drawing board and a large ink drawing, about half-completed.

The room is littered with paints, inks, brushes, other artist-supplies, and several large canvases and sketches. Some of the paintings are slashed and torn, some of the sketches ripped in two. None are on the walls. Clearly all of them are abandoned.

ROTHENBURG, pen in hand, troubled scowl on his face, leans back to squint at the picture. The scowl opens into a look of disgust. He grabs the picture, rips it apart, and throws it to the floor.

ROTHENBURG stares at the empty drawing board, his face blank. He checks his wristwatch, stands up, and leaves the room.

80 INT TAMMY'S AP'T NIGHT

TAMMY moves through her apartment wrapped in a towelling robe. The apartment is neat and attractive, essentially normal, the only odd note being that the framed prints on her walls are all to do with suffering. There is a Saint Sebastian pierced by arrows, there is a crucifixion, there is an Aubrey Beardsley flagellation sketch, there is a poster for 9 1/2 Weeks, etc.

TAMMY pauses briefly at her vanity table to check her make-up is laid out and then moves to her wardrobe. The clothes hanging are prim business-suits, such as she'd wear to work. But she reaches behind these to pull out a leather outfit of basque-style top and short skirt. TAMMY lays this out on her bed and then takes out a studded leather collar from a drawer within the wardrobe. Smiling a small secret smile she fastens this about her neck.

81 INT DUFFY'S AP'T NIGHT

DUFFY's room is a mess. The bed isn't made. There are piles of junk on the floor. Ashtrays are full to overflowing.

DUFFY is ransacking the drawers in his sideboard, his movements frantic. He finds what he seeks - a small tightly-wrapped piece of silver foil - and, sighing in relief, straightens up. He unfolds it carefully. It is empty. DUFFY's face falls.

DUFFY
Shit. No shit.

He grimaces, grabs a jacket, and heads for the door.

82 INT NATHAN'S SITTING ROOM NIGHT

CLOSE UP on the Art Deco figurine on the low table - the one the hook is lying next to. It is a classic gilt-bronze and ivory figure in the style of Chiparus, depicting an ornately-garbed dancer frozen in an elaborate gesture.

Suddenly, frighteningly, the expression on the statuette's face seems to alter but then we realise it is just the shadow of a tree outside moving across the face due to the wind.

The camera TRACKS out to take in GREG, NATHAN, HOLLY, and LUCY.

HOLLY

There has to be a piece of the
puzzle we haven't understood ...
some controlling piece. I ...

HOLLY's voice breaks off as the lights suddenly fail. LUCY gasps audibly but the darkness lasts only a second and then the lights return. But there is a subtle difference to the light, a slight blue tinge and an overall dimness.

NATHAN

What the fuck ... ?

Suddenly, there is a noise in the room, a sharp, startling, metallic noise like the flick of a chain. The wind outside seems to have grown unnaturally strong and shadows play wildly across the room through the large picture window.

GREG is the first to notice what else has happened.

GREG

Jesus! Get back!

NATHAN, HOLLY, and LUCY all rise from their seats and back away toward GREG. HOLLY has her hand at her mouth in shock. All four of them stare at the low table in astonished fear.

The fragment of hooked chain has wrapped itself around the base of the figure and now the figure is moving, lowering its arms and bringing its legs together. It is also changing. It slowly turns its head to look at them and by the time it has completed the turn, the face is that of PINHEAD. Despite its small size, the figure is almost as frightening as the real thing as its tiny black eyes radiate hate across the room. Suddenly, PINHEAD's voice booms out.

PINHEAD

My people died, boy! So will
yours. I have them now. If you
want them, come and get them!

There is a blinding flash of blue light and the room returns to

normal - except that the figurine is now the original dancer in a crucified position, covered in wounds and wrapped in chains.

HOLLY screams and GREG puts his arm around her, comfortingly, but his face is taut and grim. NATHAN is shaking his head slowly, his jaw open. LUCY has her hands on her cheeks, tears in her eyes.

LUCY

Who did he mean? We ... we're all here.

GREG shakes his head. His voice is cold and flat.

GREG

I know who he meant.

NATHAN nods slowly, looking at GREG.

NATHAN

Duffy ...

HOLLY

Tammy ...

GREG

Rothenburg ...

GREG moves away from HOLLY. He clenches his fist in a gesture which is of self-recrimination as much as it is of anger.

GREG

I should have thought. I should've warned them during the day.

HOLLY

Would it have done any good?

GREG

Jesus, yes! If somebody called me and said "this house eats people", I don't think I'd be first in line at opening time.

HOLLY

No, Greg. People just don't believe things like that. Only when they see it.

NATHAN

Yeah, right. And despite this little parlour-trick with the statue - which was, by the way, worth a LOT of money - I haven't really seen any of this shit. So that's why it's ME who's going down there to fetch them out.

GREG looks across at his friend.

GREG

There's no way you're going there alone, Nathan. But, if you want to keep me company ...

NATHAN smiles broadly.

NATHAN

I knew it. It's a pack of lies. The place is so good you've been trying to keep it to yourself.

NATHAN turns to HOLLY and LUCY, his tone a defensive imitation of male good-time bluster.

NATHAN

Don't wait up for us, ladies. Me and my buddy are off to get shit-faced.

HOLLY and GREG say nothing but their eyes meet and exchange messages of hope, anxiety, and deep but unspoken affection.

LUCY

You have to try to save your friends, I know. But, please, if they won't come... for God's sake, get out. Save yourselves.

GREG's lips tighten. He nods, grim-faced, at LUCY.

GREG and NATHAN head for the door, GREG still sombre, NATHAN still pretending they're going to have a good time. As GREG opens the door, NATHAN turns and looks back into the room.

NATHAN

Oh, and if, by any chance, Greg is telling the truth and if, by any chance, I don't come back, then tomorrow ... no more pussying around; fire-bomb the fucker for me, okay?

His tone is still breezy, but there is a light of nervousness in his eyes as he smiles, nods, exits, and closes the door.

HOLLY and LUCY exchange warm but anxious smiles. They say nothing. HOLLY looks at the transformed statue and then down at the DEVIL'S TOYMAKER book. Her brow puckers slightly.

83 EXT DERELICT CHURCH NIGHT

The camera TRACKS in towards the Church, which is dark against the night sky, until it reaches the front doors.

DISSOLVE TO

84 INT DERELICT CHURCH NIGHT

The TRACE continues on the other side of the doors until it finds the DERELICT, still sitting cross-legged, still surrounded by the items from the Archive Room, still holding the miniature House. His fingers are trembling but the box is not moving. Unlike the previous fast cuts, this scene lets us see him more clearly. He is very old and, though his eyes are open, he appears to be blind. There is also something familiar about his face. The sharper members of the audience will perhaps recognise him as LEMARCHAND, but his great age and decrepitude won't make this too easy.

Suddenly, a tiny flash of glowing blue light seems to run up from the box and disappear into his papery, ancient flesh. A harsh, rattling sigh judders its way out from between his frozen lips.

85 EXT FEATHER HOUSE NIGHT

The house is seen from the far side of the road. There are many cars parked outside it.

The police car pulls up outside the house. GREG and NATHAN get out of it and stand on the sidewalk. They look at the house, GREG with a cold anger on his face, NATHAN still protectively amused.

NATHAN

Well, it's been fun so far.

GREG smiles at his friend but his voice is serious.

GREG

Well, maybe it has, Nathan. But, believe me, the joke stops this side of that door. We have to be serious. We have to be careful.

GREG looks behind him at the brightly-lit Feather House. His voice goes quieter, its tone almost wondering.

GREG

I've watched people die in there.

GREG turns back to NATHAN.

GREG

And I failed Leo.

His voice trails off. He looks into his friend's eyes. He swallows and squeezes NATHAN's shoulder.

GREG

And I love you, man.

NATHAN smiles warmly.

NATHAN
Promises, promises. Let's go.

GREG nods. They begin to walk up the drive. The camera stays behind, watching them grow smaller as they make their way forward. Their voices come back to us.

NATHAN
You ever read PETER PAN?

GREG
Years ago. Why?

NATHAN
Know what my favourite line is?

GREG
No. What?

NATHAN
"To die will be a great adventure."

GREG and NATHAN reach the front door.

02 INT NATHAN'S SITTING ROOM NIGHT

CLOSE UP on the pages of THE DEVIL'S TOYMAKER and HOLLY's hands turning them. She is at a section of the book filled with colour photographs of LEMARCHAND's work and she turns a page to reveal a full-page photo of the Demon-in-the-Church model, both closed and open. HOLLY's hands stop flicking the pages and stay very still on the book. One of her forefingers begins tapping on the photo.

We PULL OUT to take in HOLLY's face staring into space as she sits on the floor, the book in her lap. Behind her, LUCY sits on the sofa. HOLLY speaks - still looking out, not at LUCY - and her voice is emphatic.

HOLLY
That's it!

Her body, and her voice, relax somewhat and she continues speaking, half to LUCY, half to herself.

HOLLY
That has to be it. That's the control-piece we were missing! It's the third angle - there's the toy collection, the Feather House ... and what's the third thing that's happened within the last month? The Church! The wrecking of the Church!

HOLLY turns excitedly to LUCY.

HOLLY

And you see? This picture? The Demon in the Church? It must be connected, yes? That has to be where it's controlled from, where it's all centred!

LUCY nods slowly.

LUCY

But we don't know how. We don't know how it works.

HOLLY rises to her feet, nodding.

HOLLY

That's why I'm going. To find out. And to stop it if I can.

LUCY raises an arm slightly, an expression of concern on her face.

LUCY

Holly, no. It could be another trap ...

LUCY glances down at the DEVIL'S TOYMAKER book.

LUCY

... another puzzle.

HOLLY

Or the solution to the first one.

LUCY rises to her feet, her face set and determined.

LUCY

Then I'll come with you.

HOLLY crosses to her. She puts her hands gently on the older woman's arms and sits them both back down on the sofa.

HOLLY

I know you would. And I wish you could. But you have to stay here. Greg might call. Something might happen.

LUCY

Then what can I do?

HOLLY

You can pray for a miracle.

LUCY shakes her head sadly.

LUCY

I wish I could, Holly. I don't have your faith. I

don't believe in miracles.

HOLLY gives a curious look, at once thrilled and fearful. Her voice is low and full of conviction.

HOLLY
But we've seen them.

LUCY shakes her head, a little confused. HOLLY continues, her voice slightly more excited.

HOLLY
All these things. These terrible things. Don't you see? ... They're miracles.

LUCY shakes her head more violently, horrified outrage ready to break through.

HOLLY quickly continues before LUCY can speak, talking quickly both to explain what she means and out of excitement.

HOLLY
Black miracles, maybe. But miracles. Miracles from Hell, maybe. But - don't you see? - if Hell can still send miracles, then so can Heaven. So can Heaven.

Keeping her eyes on LUCY, HOLLY gently releases her hands from her friend's arms and stands up slowly.

HOLLY
They have puzzle-boxes and Death-Houses. And we only have the Human heart. We have Love and ... and sweet moments.

LUCY nods, a tiny light of faith in her eyes.

HOLLY
If you can't call it prayer, call it hope. Hope for us, Lucy. Hope for a miracle.

LUCY stands up and embraces HOLLY.

LUCY
Be careful, Holly. Please be careful.

The camera moves WIDE on their embrace to take in the transformed statuette and the dying white roses.

87 INT GROUND FLOOR, FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

GREG and NATHAN walk through the large downstairs room. There is

a babble of voices, testifying to the crowds in the bar area and the other curtained sections. Even the main room is more full of people than on GREG's previous visit. As GREG and NATHAN make their way through the crush in the bar area looking for their friends, two or three people happily ascend the staircase at the back of the room. It's a busy night at the Feather House.

NATHAN grabs GREG's shoulder and points across the room. DUFFY is wandering by one of the tables. They make their way to him.

GREG taps DUFFY on the shoulder and he turns round. For the usual second or two that junkies take to bring things into mental if not visual focus DUFFY stares blankly at the two of them. Then his face broadens into a smile of recognition and welcome.

DUFFY

Greg! Nathan! Hey! ... Yeah. Great ... great. Is this place wild or what?

GREG

Wilder than you'd guess. Is Rothenburg here? Tammy?

GREG's voice is fast and urgent, though this is lost on DUFFY.

DUFFY

Oh ... sure. Yeah. Tammy? I ... yeah, she was by the bar.

GREG turns his head scanning the crush at the bar as DUFFY continues, his tone becoming knowing and conspiratorial.

DUFFY

And Rothenburg - he's upstairs. It's all free tonight, man. Un-fuckin-believable.

GREG's head jerks back to look at DUFFY on hearing this.

GREG

Shit!

GREG throws a concerned glance at NATHAN. He is already backing off towards the stairs as he speaks.

GREG

Stay with him. Try and find Tammy.

NATHAN lays a hand on DUFFY's shoulder, half friendly, half restraining, and makes a slight move towards the retreating GREG.

NATHAN

Greg, wait!

But GREG is already at the staircase and ascending it at a run.

NATHAN turns to the grinning DUFFY, who nods his head at GREG.

DUFFY
Can't get enough of it, huh?

NATHAN shakes his head wearily and begins to move DUFFY towards the bar, looking for TAMMY.

88 EXT DERELICT CHURCH NIGHT (HOLLY'S P.O.V.)

From a TRACKING P.O.V. along the sidewalk, we approach the Derelict Church, the camera angling in towards it as we draw level with it until it is centrally framed. We look at it just long enough to see there are no lights on, then we

CUT TO REVERSE ANGLE:

HOLLY stands on the sidewalk looking at the Church, her face essentially impassive but her mouth slightly open and drawing fast breaths. She peers to one side, through a window.

There are still no lights on but, suddenly, there is a tiny flash of blue light refracted against the window from somewhere inside.

HOLLY gasps in shock and in the fulfillment of her suspicion that something is going on at the church.

HOLLY goes to the front doors. She automatically raises her hand to knock, then catches herself. She shakes her hands in the air as if she has just touched something nasty and shakes her head.

Gently and slowly, HOLLY tries the door. It opens easily.

89 INT DERELICT CHURCH NIGHT

The camera is at a low angle on the floor of the Church, looking up to take in the DERELICT in the foreground and, beyond him in the background, the sweep of the main aisle and the front door.

The DERELICT's hands make a swift movement with the house/box. Just as the movement is completed, the FOCUS switches to the background. The front door edges in gently and we see HOLLY move quietly inside to stand by the front door.

HOLLY waits a second and then walks slowly and steadily down the aisle towards the DERELICT. Then the foreground is pulled into FOCUS as she continues to walk and we see a small burst of blue light fly from the box to be absorbed by the flesh of the DERELICT. Out of focus in the background, HOLLY freezes for a moment as she sees this happen.

HOLLY walks again, coming into a shared focus with the DERELICT. When she is but a couple of yards from him, and standing within

the circle of toys, his head jerks up and he sniffs at the air.

HOLLY gasps and stands still. The DERELICT turns his head towards her. She sees him clearly. He is blind and very, very old, his skin paper-thin on his skull-like face. His head moves around slowly, his nose still sniffing at the air. He makes a noise in his throat, he is trying to remember how to speak, not having done so for a very long time. Eventually, a guttural word emerges.

DERELICT

Who?

HOLLY, her face betraying her nervousness, nevertheless forces her voice into an approximation of steadiness.

HOLLY

I'm Holly. Who are you?

The DERELICT hawks in his throat a few more times and then succeeds in answering her.

DERELICT

Phillip Lemarchand, toymaker.

HOLLY's mouth and eyes open wide in astonishment.

90 INT FEATHER HOUSE LANDING NIGHT

GREG runs from the top of the staircase along the corridor.

At the far end, he sees ROTHENBURG opening one of the doors.

GREG

Hold it!

He is just too late. ROTHENBURG steps through the door. GREG rushes to it and throws it open. He is staring at solid metal.

GREG

No! Not again!

He slams his fist against the metal in frustration.

91 INT CANVAS ROOM NIGHT

ROTHENBURG stands in the centre of a room the same shape and size as the other rooms but the walls in this one are off-white and of an unusual material. He looks around, surprise in his eyes, and walks to a wall and strokes the back of his hand across it.

ROTHENBURG

Canvas?

He gives a wry chuckle and, still staring at the vast expanse of canvas wall, asks what he thinks is a rhetorical question.

ROTHENBURG

So what am I going to paint with?

A voice comes from behind him, off-camera.

PINHEAD (o-c)

Let's use our imaginations, shall we?

ROTHENBURG spins round wildly, shocked both by there being a voice in the room and by the nature of the voice itself. His face grimaces in fright. PINHEAD stands in the middle of the room.

ROTHENBURG

Jesus Christ!

PINHEAD gives a tiny, amused smile.

PINHEAD

Not quite. Shall we begin?

The room seems to grow darker. Off-camera, the sounds of rustling chains are heard. PINHEAD takes a step forward.

The room is much darker now. In the shadows behind PINHEAD, things seem to be swaying - chains, pillars, all the accoutrements of the TORTURE ROOMS in HELLRAISER and HELLBOUND.

ROTHENBURG, white with fear, presses himself against the canvas wall in that small section of the room into which the darkness has not yet spread.

ROTHENBURG

What's happening?

PINHEAD

All that you desire.

ROTHENBURG shakes his head crazily.

ROTHENBURG

No, no.

PINHEAD

Oh, yes. Why do you come here, all of you? To find a place where your pleasures, your dreams, your ambitions, can be pushed beyond their limits. I'm here to help.

The darkness holds sway over all the room now though, paradoxically, the room's new contents can be seen more clearly.

ROTHENBURG
What are you?

PINHEAD
Once I was the shape that bound a
borrowed soul. But not now. Now I'm
pure. Born again of blood and desire.

ROTHENBURG's lower lip begins to tremble. The chains make
whistling, rattling noises as he speaks, his voice nearly a sob.

ROTHENBURG
What are you going to do?

PINHEAD's face assumes it's most mask-like state. His voice is
hard and committed.

PINHEAD
Press the stinking face of Humanity
in the dark blood of its secret heart.

ROTHENBURG
Please. No. I wanted ... I ...

PINHEAD nods, his look calm and understanding rather than cruel.

PINHEAD
I know. Neither your desire nor your
frustration is new to me. You burn to
hear the world gasp at the terrible
beauty of the mark you make on it.

For just a beat, ROTHENBURG's fear is displaced by astonishment.
He stares at PINHEAD in wonder at the monster's comprehension.

PINHEAD acknowledges this silent reaction with a slow nodding of
the head, then holds his face very still.

PINHEAD
Well ...

He pauses, as ROTHENBURG's fear comes oozing back onto his face.

PINHEAD
... Let's make Art.

Chains fly suddenly from the darkness to impale the screaming
ROTHENBURG.

92 INT FEAVER HOUSE LANDING NIGHT

GREG runs along to another door. He opens it, looks in, hesitates
as if checking for any sudden sliding panels, and then flings
himself quickly into the room.

93 INT ADJOINING ROOM NIGHT

GREG is in a bare room, approaching the connecting door into the room he saw ROTHENBURG go into. He opens it and steps through.

94 INT CANVAS ROOM NIGHT

GREG walks into the room, looking all around him.

GREG
Oh, my God.

The darkness, the pillars, the chains, and PINHEAD have all disappeared. So, too, in a manner of speaking, has ROTHENBURG though the marks of his passing are everywhere.

The room is brightly lit and all the canvases are clearly visible but they are no longer blank. They resemble huge action paintings that might hang in a gallery run by the violently insane. They are splattered, streaked, splashed, and smeared with a medium other than paint; ROTHENBURG - or all that is left of him - is spread over all the available surfaces.

Most of the paintings are vast abstracts made up of all the colours of the human body but the one the camera eventually settles on is a witty parody of cubist portraiture. Various peeled strips of skin are arranged assymetrically to form a portrait of the artist. In the centre of the canvas is the fleshy mask that used to be his face.

95 INT BASEMENT NIGHT

In the basement, blue light pulses intensely and the heartbeat sound we heard before PINHEAD's resurrection is back -now apparently multi-sourced and loudly insistent.

On the surface of the vat several small whirlpoolish disturbances can now be seen, along with rippling movements and bubbles breaking surface.

96 INT DERELICT'S ROOM NIGHT

The DERELICT/LEMARCHAND's hands relax from a swift movement of the box.

HOLLY stares down at what he holds in his hands.

HOLLY
My God, it's the House ...

HOLLY lifts her face back to LEMARCHAND.

HOLLY
What ... ?

LEMARCHAND makes an urgent shushing sound. His tongue drags itself across his lips and he shifts his body slightly.

LEMARCHAND
Quiet. Somebody's going to die.
I'm getting a hard-on.

A small burst of blue light flies from the miniature house into LEMARCHAND's body. He shudders slightly and sighs.

HOLLY has a hand pressed to her mouth in horror. She forces herself to speak as calmly as she can.

HOLLY
How long have you been doing this?

LEMARCHAND's head twitches slightly.

LEMARCHAND
A day. A century. I don't know. All I know is movement beneath my fingers and reward.

HOLLY
And your reward is dead souls.

LEMARCHAND makes a noise that might pass for a laugh.

LEMARCHAND
Not quite. Just a little fix of life-force. Enough to keep me on this side of the veil. It amuses them to have me do this. I was a craftsman, you know. The greatest craftsman. And now I'm just an operator, useless, powerless, and blind. They like that. Appeals to their sense of irony.

LEMARCHAND sniffs at the air again as if analysing and savouring the aromas he smells from HOLLY and then speaks again, an incipient leer on his face.

LEMARCHAND
Woman. Young. Sweet. Very sweet.
Are you beautiful? Lie if you want to. I can't see anyway.

HOLLY's lip curls in disgust, but she keeps her voice even.

HOLLY
Forget me. You have to stop this.

LEMARCHAND laughs hollowly.

LEMARCHAND
I'd die.

HOLLY
It's overdue.

LEMARCHAND
Oh, I know. But I also know what's
waiting for me on the other side
and believe me, this is preferable.

HOLLY's voice begins to lose it's evenness.

HOLLY
But it's wrong! It's just wrong!

LEMARCHAND
I don't care.

HOLLY
You've got to stop it!

LEMARCHAND turns his face in her direction again. He sneers.

LEMARCHAND
Make me.

His fingers twist the box again.

97 INT GROUND FLOOR, FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

In a wide shot, we pick out NATHAN and DUFFY over by the bar.
They are too far away for any conversation to be heard.

A customer at the bar nods and points upward, towards the stairs
and the upper floor.

NATHAN pulls at DUFFY and, as best he can through the crowd, runs
to the stairs.

98 INT FEAVER HOUSE LANDING NIGHT

NATHAN and DUFFY come off the stairs onto the landing.

NATHAN stares wildly along the corridor at the various doors.

NATHAN
Oh shit. TAMMY!

There is only silence. NATHAN, DUFFY ambling along behind him,
rushes along the doors. He stops by one of them as he reads

MARIETTA's name on it. He puts his hand on the doorknob, looks up and down the corridor one last time as if expecting TAMMY, GREG, or ROTHENBURG to appear, and then opens the door.

As NATHAN and DUFFY go through the door, the camera TRACKS away from them to a different door lower down the corridor on the other side. As the camera reaches the door, we DISSOLVE TO:

99 INT 5/M ROOM NIGHT

In another of the identical upstairs rooms, a man and a woman wall out from between the curtains, the glowing multi-coloured membrane behind them. Like MARIETTA, they are wrapped in brief black leather. They are blindfolded and handcuffed.

TAMMY, dressed in the outfit we saw her select in her apartment, stands in the middle of the floor, watching them. She holds a riding crop which she taps rhythmically on her palm. Her eyes shine with arousal.

TAMMY

You've both been bad. Very bad. I'm going to make you sorry.

Her eyes flick from one to the other of the whores and she smiles excitedly. Suddenly, the room seems to grow dimmer. TAMMY looks upward to check the light.

PINHEAD (o-c)

I like the way your mind works.

TAMMY's head jerks around in shock and her eyes widen as she sees PINHEAD standing behind her, darkness already blooming around him, chains already singing their cruel song from the shadows.

TAMMY

Wh wh ?

PINHEAD

But you still have much to learn.
Let's explore it together, shall we?

He moves towards the terrified TAMMY, who backs into the whores. They seize an arm each and pull her back toward the membrane.

TAMMY screams as darkness spreads through the room.

100 INT FEAVER HOUSE LANDING NIGHT

GREG, in the corridor, hears TAMMY's scream and throws open the door from which it seems to come.

101 INT S/M ROOM NIGHT

GREG enters the room just in time to see TAMMY, the WHORES, and PINHEAD seemingly sinking into the membrane. PINHEAD finds GREG's eyes and laughs loud and cruelly as he pulls the curtains theatrically together over them. Instantly, the dimness of the room disappears and the chains which were hanging there fall heavily to the floor.

GREG rushes to the curtains and pulls them apart. As when BRENNAN saw the room, there is only bare wall behind them.

102 INT BASEMENT NIGHT

The blue light pulses. The multi-heartbeat sound throbs. The contents of the vat now seem very disturbed and active. Even the walls of the vat now seem to be pulsing slightly and growing translucent as if lit from within.

103 INT MARIETTA'S ROOM NIGHT

NATHAN, followed by DUFFY, walks into MARIETTA's room. The curtains part, revealing MARIETTA. Reconnected to her membranous wall, her blindfold back in place, she walks forward.

NATHAN simply stands and looks at her, a sad pity on his face. His voice is gentle.

NATHAN

Marietta.

MARIETTA's head cocks slightly at the sound of his voice, a puzzled look playing over her features, but still she advances, the membrane behind her pulsing eagerly. She reaches NATHAN and raises her hands delicately to his face.

NATHAN

It's Nathan.

MARIETTA freezes. The membrane throbs angrily. Her face creases in effort and she pulls her hands away from NATHAN's face, her mouth quivering as if she is trying to speak through the drugged haze of the membrane's control. But almost instantaneously the membrane tightens and she is pulled back across the room. As she slams against the wall, the membrane seems to open and engulf her and suddenly she, and it, are gone and there is only bare wall.

NATHAN rushes across the room but it is all too fast. He beats his arms against the wall in frustration as DUFFY backs off across the room toward the connecting door, his face white.

DUFFY

What the fuck is going on?

DUFFY shakes his head from side to side, almost sobered by the shock. He reaches the door and feels behind him for the handle. He opens it and backs into the next room slowly.

NATHAN hears the sound of the door and, remembering GREG's stories, swings round violently, shouting out as he does so.

NATHAN
Duffy! Be careful!

Even before his words are finished, the metal plate slams across the door.

NATHAN stares at the steel panel. At first glance, everything seems to be okay. Then, as he crosses the room towards it, he glances down.

Lying at the foot of the panel are two slivers of cheek flesh, a slice of lower lip, and most of DUFFY's nose.

NATHAN
Oh, Christ.

104 INT ADJOINING ROOM NIGHT

DUFFY reels back from the other side of the panel, screaming, his hands to his mutilated face.

He spins round into the room and suddenly freezes, the agony almost forgotten; he is face to face with PINHEAD. DUFFY keeps his hands over his face but his eyes widen in shock.

PINHEAD
Ah, it's Pain, isn't it? I know that look. I remember that feeling. Well, we all find ways to transcend it, don't we? I know you have.

DUFFY
What ?

PINHEAD
The Pain of the Everyday. The dull agony of Life. You know how to avoid it. You always have.

DUFFY
Who the fuck ARE you?

PINHEAD
Call me Dr. Feelgood. And this ...

PINHEAD steps to one side and extends an arm. Behind him, the curtained wall opens to reveal the glowing membrane. With a

sighing sound a bank of hypodermics emerges from it, their needle-tips dripping liquid.

PINHEAD

... is my Medicine Cabinet. Cure yourself. Make the pain go away.

DUFFY approaches the needles. He turns to face PINHEAD, his back to the syringes. With a giggle, he throws his arms out to either side of himself and presses himself hard back against the needles. His body jerks as if receiving a massive electric shock as the needles pump their drug into him. His eyes open impossibly wide in an almost cartoon-like manner.

DUFFY

H - H - Heavy shit!

Suddenly, as if prompted by his phrase, all his body weight seems to slam downwards, stretching his body impossibly so that he resembles a reflection in a distorting mirror: incredibly long, thin face; unbelievably squat, wide body. DUFFY screams long and loud as his body flies through a series of impossible shapes, all reminiscent of the crazy perceptions of funhouse mirrors.

The final shape is long and thin, growing thinner and thinner until suddenly he is simply not there at all. The membrane wall closes in on itself and disappears back into the wall.

PINHEAD watches as the curtains close themselves.

PINHEAD

Of course, it's dangerous to exceed the stated dose.

105 INT FEVER HOUSE LANDING NIGHT

NATHAN emerges from MARIETTA's room and runs to the next door. He opens it. As he goes in, GREG appears from further down the corridor. Wrapped around one arm is a chain from the S/M room.

GREG

Nathan!

Too late. NATHAN enters the room and closes the door. GREG rushes to it and flings it open. Shockingly, PINHEAD is in the doorway staring out at GREG, who flings himself backward.

PINHEAD

I've had the artist, the sadist, and the junkie. Now I have the aesthete. Not doing too well, are you?

A metal plate slams across the door, sealing PINHEAD from GREG's sight even as GREG runs forward.

106 INT BASEMENT NIGHT

The contents of the vat are now a seething mass of swirls, ripples, and bubbles. The contents and the vat itself seem to be merging together into one glowing, pulsing mass. The thing begins to peel itself apart. The ossified shapes that were on the side of the vat are now twitching and flexing, stretching limbs, and sliding down the sloping sides of the vat. Other shapes rise from what was the surface.

It is a small army of CENOBITES, twenty or so, all sharing the classic CENOBSITE aesthetic of decorative mutilation. They are rising relatively slowly but already their inhuman eyes glitter.

107 INT DECO SALON NIGHT

NATHAN stands transfixed by the room. It seems larger than before and entirely remade. It is an unbelievably stylish and sophisticated Art Deco salon of glass, chrome, and marble.

The only thing missing are the type of figurines NATHAN has filled his house with. Instead, there are two life-size statues in the same style, one male, one female, and both fantastically costumed. Their alabaster faces are painted with stylised make-up and their eyes are dark emerald. They stand on low plinths.

NATHAN stares at them, fascinated. Then they start to move.

They get off their plinths and move towards him, each stretching an arm in welcome.

1st STATUE
Join the dance, Nathan ...

2nd STATUE
... it's what you've always wanted.

NATHAN stares in hypnotised wonder at these creatures. Slowly, his arms begin to raise towards theirs. They smile.

Suddenly, a tightly-wrapped mass of chain flies through the air and smashes into the MALE STATUE's face. It stumbles and falls.

GREG has entered the room from the door to MARIETTA's room. He threw the chain. Now he rushes toward NATHAN.

GREG
Come on! Get out!

The FEMALE STATUE drops its pretence. Her face cracks open, revealing a writhing mass of tentacles (like those that blossomed from CHANNARD's palms in HELLBOUND) that themselves open into blades and hooks.

GREG grabs NATHAN and they rush toward the door. Just as they fly through it, a metal plate seals the salon off.

108 INT MARIETTA'S ROOM NIGHT

GREG and NATHAN look back at the metal plate then at each other. There is a moment's stillness.

NATHAN
Remember what Peter Pan said?

GREG nods, catching his breath from the run.

NATHAN
He's fulla crap. Let's get outta here.

109 INT GROUND FLOOR, FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

A mass of people stand herded in the main room at the foot of the staircase as if gathered for a special announcement or event. Audible murmurs such as "What's going on?" or "What's this all about?" emerge from the buzz of the crowd's conversation. Suddenly, a hush falls over them and they stare up at the stairs.

A tall figure completely wrapped in a vast black cloak makes its way down the stairs. When it is about fifteen steps from the bottom it stops, waits for a beat, and flings the cloak away. It is PINHEAD. Screams rend the air but his voice dominates.

PINHEAD
It's Party Time!

Suddenly, all the curtained areas along the back of the room explode open and blue light bursts in from all of them. The army of CENOBITES move purposely forward as the crowd scream in fear.

110 INT DERELICT CHURCH NIGHT

HOLLY has now moved closer to LEMARCHAND. She is crouching down on her haunches to be nearer to his eye-level.

HOLLY
But you CAN stop. Is it just the fear
of what's waiting that won't let you?
There's forgiveness, you know ...

LEMARCHAND cackles.

LEMARCHAND
Don't make me laugh. It's out
of character ...

He pauses, sniffing again.

LEMARCHAND

Oh, you're sweet. Too sweet. You're
risking rotting on the branch ...

HOLLY snaps at him, her face twisted in angry embarrassment.

HOLLY

Stop that!

LEMARCHAND

Stop what? The smut or the slaughter?
Which one bothers you most? I tell you ...

LEMARCHAND breaks off. His body stiffens. He swallows.

LEMARCHAND

Oh, God. Party.

Suddenly, many flashes of blue light burst from the box, one after the other, overlapping, fast and furious, all shooting into LEMARCHAND's body.

HOLLY throws herself back from this display, watching in shocked horror. After a few seconds, the lights stop coming and LEMARCHAND relaxes, his withered, ancient body quivering.

111 INT FEAVER HOUSE LANDING NIGHT

GREG and NATHAN, glancing carefully around them, make their way to the head of the staircase and begin to walk down it.

112 INT GROUND FLOOR, FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

The camera starts in CLOSE UP on GREG and NATHAN's faces as they walk down the stairs and TRACKS backward with them. After a second or so, GREG and NATHAN stop moving but the TRACK continues, watching their horrified faces grow smaller in the frame, and finally takes in a WIDE view of the whole of the large downstairs room.

They are looking at the aftermath of the party LEMARCHAND enjoyed at second hand. The room is dimly-lit, the light blue-tinged, and a general haze covers the room with, in some places, thicker eddies of smoke. The room itself is wrecked; tables overturned, chairs scattered, broken glass on the floor. The floor is soaking wet, a centimetre or so of liquid covering all of it. The liquid is neither water nor blood but a thinner, runnier version of the vile brown gloop that filled the vat.

Detritus and debris float along the surface of the slimy mess, for the most part simply wood splinters or broken glass but with

the occasional jarring and horrible image; a single eyeball in a whisky-glass, a hank of hair, a portion of rib-cage. The Beaver House has closed for the night but none of its customers have gone home.

GREG and NATHAN neither look at each other nor speak. Slowly they renew their descent of the staircase, looking around them at the devastation with the kind of cold sickness the first witnesses to the aftermath of terrorist bombings must feel. They begin to walk across the floor, their shoes sloshing obscenely in the vast puddle of slime and remains. They head slowly to the front door.

When they are about two yards from the door a sudden sharp noise breaks the deathly silence. The boys look round quickly. A FEMALE CENOBIITE stands at the foot of the stairs. She used to be TAMMY. GREG and NATHAN stare in shocked recognition but her stare is impassive and cold as she scrapes two blades together.

Another noise - another CENOBIITE stands to the far left of the room.

More noises come in increasingly rapid succession. Here is another CENOBIITE. Here two more. Here a group of six. GREG and NATHAN look around the room at each new arrival, dismay mounting on their features. Then the mass of the remaining CENOBIITES emerge from the shadowed areas where the curtained areas used to be. There is one final noise - an off-screen voice.

FINHEAD (o-c)

I see you've met the staff.

GREG and NATHAN swing round. FINHEAD blocks their path to the door, a smile of cold and cruel amusement on his face.

FINHEAD

But unfortunately, gentlemen, We
have closed for the evening. I'm
afraid you'll have to leave.

FINHEAD moves to the side and gestures, palm out, to the front door, inclining his head slightly like a firm but respectful maitre d'.

GREG and NATHAN look at each other. GREG gives a slow small nod. Painfully slowly, they advance to the door, constantly on edge. When they reach it, they instinctively turn so that they can keep FINHEAD in view. GREG reaches behind him for the handle and turns it. The door opens slightly. Nervously and slowly, they edge their way through it back-first.

CUT TO REVERSE ANGLE: FINHEAD's smiling face is seen through the door frame as GREG and NATHAN, their backs to the camera, pull the front door closed.

113 INT FEAVER HOUSE LANDING NIGHT

GREG and NATHAN turn slowly around from the front door and, as they flatten themselves against the door in shock, as PINHEAD's mocking laughter rings out from beyond the door, the camera goes WIDE and begins a dizzyingly fast backward TRACK away from them, flying down the corridor. They are standing in the upstairs corridor, the front door occupying the space where the picture window used to be.

As the TRACK reaches the far end of the corridor and stops, staring back at the dumbstruck boys, we CUT TO REVERSE and look down the corridor from GREG and NATHAN's POV.

The corridor stretches before them and suddenly it begins to move, the floor rising and subsiding along its length, undulating and rippling horribly - almost as if some vast worm-like thing were moving beneath it.

NATHAN

Fuck me! is this an E-Ticket or what?!

Suddenly, there is a loud hammering on the door behind them and PINHEAD's laughter is renewed. GREG and NATHAN begin to run down the writhing corridor as best they can, struggling to keep their balance. They reach the far end by the stairs and look down. CENOBITES are beginning to make their way up the stairs. GREG looks back down the corridor to the front door, now billowing inwards impossibly as the blows and the laughter continue, and then back down the stairs. He and NATHAN are boxed in. Grabbing his friend's arm, GREG runs to the door of the nearest room and pulls them inside.

114 INT ADJOINING ROOM NIGHT

GREG slams the door shut and he and NATHAN look around at the sound of a giggle. Between the curtains, in front of the glowing membrane, sits the FAT WHORE from GREG's first visit. Her voice is a horrid mix of a hooker's come-on and a CENOBITE's growl.

FAT WHORE

Come on, boys. I can take the
both of you, believe me.

She laughs again, the laugh growing suddenly impossibly loud and high-pitched as she is subsumed backwards into the membrane itself which then begins to spread hideously across the wall. The curtains disappear into it as the whole wall becomes membranous until it resembles a wall of thinly-stretched flesh with pulsing and glowing presences behind it.

As the membrane reaches the corner of its wall, the other walls in the room suddenly become flesh-like too, pink and pulpy. It is only the far wall though that is directly threatening - because

now the dimly-seen presences behind the stretched flesh are pressing furiously against it as if trying to break through. The shapes are suggestive of many things - CENOBITES, the fossil-type figures that decorated the vat, vaster, stranger things, cousins of the ENGINEER from HELLRAISER - as if all the different tribes of Hell were pressing at the wall.

NATHAN, jaw open at what's happening, presses against one of the nearer walls.

NATHAN
Christ, it's like flesh!

GREG punches at the wall in frustration. The wall blossoms into a purple bruise where he struck it. A light comes into GREG's eye.

GREG
Hit it! Hit it!

GREG and NATHAN begin hammering feverishly at the wall. The wall bruises and breaks at their onslaught. A tense race against time follows as the two friends beat at the one wall, attempting to open it, while, behind the other, the hordes of hell attempt to break through.

GREG and NATHAN begin tearing at the torn edges of the wounds they have made in the wall. Tantalising glimpses of night sky are seen through the narrow slit they have made. They scream encouragement at each other as the far wall, now gossamer-thin, threatens to break at any second.

At the last possible moment, just as the far wall finally ruptures explosively inwards and the massed monstrous hordes behind it are glimpsed fleetingly but terrifyingly as they burst into the room, GREG and NATHAN force themselves through the gash they have made in their wall.

115 EXT FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

A diagonal break appears impossibly in the external wall of the Feaver House about halfway up its height and GREG and NATHAN burst through it and tumble to the ground below, the fissure in the wall closing before they hit the floor.

GREG and NATHAN help each other to their feet. They glance upwards briefly.

NATHAN
Let's be missing.

GREG
You got it.

They rush across the road. Only when they reach the other side do they turn to look back at the House.

For a beat nothing happens and then suddenly a score of fissures like the one they just came through open up at various places on the walls of the House and the army of CENOBITES begin to squeeze their way through individually like insects burrowing their way out of the cocoon.

GREG

No. Oh no.

The walls are dotted with black figures wriggling through. The front door flies open and PINHEAD stands framed within it.

116 INT DERELICT CHURCH NIGHT

HOLLY has a devastated look of frustration and hopelessness on her face. LEMARCHAND's head is tipped down towards the box. A whimper escapes HOLLY's mouth and his head moves up slightly.

LEMARCHAND

That's a nice noise. You got any more like that?

HOLLY stares at him in disgust and then her face relaxes as if an idea has occurred to her. She speaks softly, a consciously sensual edge creeping into her voice.

HOLLY

Do you like how I sound?

Slowly, she rubs her hand across her shoulder and throat, the rustling of her clothing drawing LEMARCHAND's attention.

HOLLY

I know you can't see me. But you can hear me ...

HOLLY begins to run her hands more freely over her body, arching her back, moving her shoulders, twisting her neck as LEMARCHAND's head makes small movements, catching all the sensual subtleties of the movements she makes, breathing in her scents.

HOLLY

... you can smell me ...

HOLLY too begins to breathe audibly, letting the sound of her sighs fill the air, making small wet sounds as her tongue moves in her mouth. She fills her next question with just the right mix of sexual challenge and child-like enquiry.

HOLLY

... what else can you do?

She adds the slow sound of buttons being opened to the tempting mix she is assaulting LEMARCHAND's senses with.

LEMARCHAND pulls one hand free from the box. It is as if his fingers are fused to its surface and he has to rip them free. LEMARCHAND stretches his withered hand, claw-like, towards the young and temptingly-close flesh of HOLLY. The box, robbed of one of its guiding hands, slips back a movement.

HOLLY stretches out her fingers to meet the advancing hand of LEMARCHAND. Their fingertips brush for a second, LEMARCHAND gasps, and then HOLLY teasingly pulls her fingers back. Her voice is a perfect imitation of sexual arousal, low and urgent.

HOLLY
More. All of you.

LEMARCHAND attempts to let go of the box with his other hand. It doesn't come free. LEMARCHAND turns his head back to the box. A confused look crosses his face.

Suddenly, his hand disappears inside the box. The confused look gives way to panic. He screams.

LEMARCHAND
Noooooo!

HOLLY jumps away backwards, watching in horror as LEMARCHAND is sucked horribly, impossibly, and very painfully, into the box. Parts of his body squeeze and burst as they are pulled and compressed into the tiny space. No blood comes from him however; where he bursts, he bursts like a moth, going straight to dust.

HOLLY, standing a few yards from the box, keeps her shocked eyes on it as, having consumed LEMARCHAND, it now begins to fold in on itself, its movements more and more manic until finally it flattens itself out into a long, thin, unmarked piece of wood.

As it clicks into its final position there is a sudden flash of blinding light and suddenly the Church is restored to its former glory, altar in place, windows intact, shadows and cobwebs gone. HOLLY stares about her in wonder, her gaze finally returning to the slim piece of wood.

117 EXT FEAVER HOUSE NIGHT

GREG and NATHAN stand opposite the House, unsure of what to do as the CENOBITES emerge. Suddenly, there is a tremendous creaking, rumbling noise from the house. PINHEAD looks upward, confused. The front door slams shut. CENOBITE screams rend the air as the fissures close, crushing them. The house begins to mimic the actions of the house/box of LEMARCHAND. It folds in on itself impossibly, shrinking and collapsing before the astonished eyes of GREG and NATHAN.

As the house contracts upon itself, it rips itself free of all the service pipes running to it; electric cables, telephone wires, water mains, and gas mains are ripped free. CLOSE-UPS of sparking electric cable and ruptured and hissing gas pipes indicate what will happen next. And it does.

There's a massive explosion as sparks ignite gas and what's left of the collapsing house blasts apart, its debris being consumed in the blistering sheet of fire that follows the explosion.

GREG and NATHAN, thrown to the ground as the house blew up, now stand, silhouetted by the wall of flame, to watch the house burn.

DISSOLVE TO: SAME ANGLE SAME LOCATION DAWN

GREG and NATHAN stand in the same position as if they've kept vigil all night to ensure no black phoenix rose from the flames.

Now, as the last fingers of flame die out and the place where the house stood is simply a smouldering, smoking, scar on the landscape, the two friends begin to walk away.

118 INT NATHAN'S SITTING ROOM DAWN

LUCY sits on NATHAN's sofa. She appears not to have slept and her drawn face and red-rimmed eyes testify to her unresolved pain.

At some stage of the night, she must have gone through the papers and beside her on the sofa is a creased compliment slip from the college bearing LEO's name and signature. LUCY's fingertips rest piteously on it as if she has kept touching it through the long lonely night as a tiny crumb of comforting memory.

The phone suddenly rings, jarringly. LUCY jumps and turns her head to the desk where it stands. It rings again. Slowly, she drags herself to her feet and walks over to the desk.

The camera TRACKS in on the white compliment slip. As LUCY's voice is heard OFF-CAMERA, the edges of the small piece of paper begin to fold magically inward, as if an unseen pair of hands is embarking on an origami exercise.

LUCY (o-c)

Hello?

We CUT TO LUCY at the desk. After a beat, she repeats herself.

LUCY

Hello?

Nobody's on the line. LUCY shakes her head, puts the phone down, and goes back to the sofa. As she reaches it, she suddenly stands stock-still, giving an audible gasp as she looks down.

Where the paper lay is a perfect and quite real white rose.

LUCY's hands fly to her mouth as tears start to her eyes. Gently, she lifts the rose to her face and presses it against her cheek.

119 INT CHURCH DAWN

HOLLY too has kept vigil through the night. Sitting on the floor, her eyes on the flattened box, her head moves slightly from time to time, as if trying out new sight-lines on the box, hoping to find its secrets. There is an undeniable fascination in her eyes.

HOLLY stands and walks to the box. Circling it, keeping her eyes on it all the time, she finally moves close and sits behind it, in a cross-legged posture reminiscent of LEMARCHAND.

Tentatively, she reaches out a hand to the box. No warning yellow flash of light. Nothing. She picks it up in both hands, the sound of her breath growing faster, more excited. She turns it in her hands, anxious to understand, anxious to play. She finds a panel that moves and her fingers grow more curious, more insistent.

120 EXT FEATHER HOUSE/BURNT GROUND DAWN/DAY

The burnt ground where the Feather House had stood smoulders. The place is deserted as the camera TRACKS in to the scarred ground.

Suddenly, shockingly, a massive eruption of flame from the smoking embers sends a great wall of fire across the frame's full width.

The sheet of fire burns steadily, the TRACK continuing toward it, until a dimly-perceived shape is glimpsed through the flames.

Suddenly, PINHEAD walks directly through the flame into the light of day and the TRACK begins to reverse as if backing away in awe. PINHEAD's face is his customary glacial stare and his walk his usual elegant stride.

The TRACK slows down, allowing PINHEAD to move apparently closer and closer to us until his face fills the screen. Only then does he throw his mouth wide open in a sudden, shocking roar of unholy triumph.

CUT TO BLACKNESS

PINHEAD's laughter reverberates and echoes over the blackness building into a treated, echo-ed, multi-tracked cacophony which, at its highest peak, suddenly cuts off completely, leaving us only darkness and silence.

THE CREDITS ROLL